CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c

Midnight to dawn with two murderers ▪ Genius in hiding: DAVID MILNE

June 17 1961









RALPH ALLEN REPORTS FROM

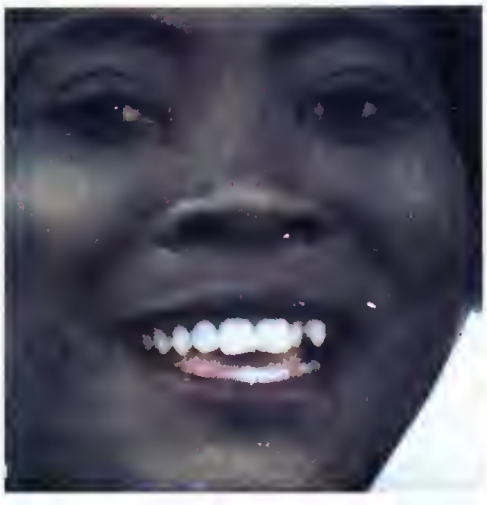
AFRICA

Is this the UN's graveyard?

Jungle war against disease

Evolués and recent cannibals









Nimble New INTERNATIONAL COMPACT

This fleet and nimble new Compact pickup handles like the finest compact car! New 93.4 hp four-cylinder engine has pep and power to spare. The lightest touch on the steering wheel brings swift and positive response. The wheelbase is only 107" short—another one of the many reasons why it's the easiest handling pickup on the road.

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What chance Canadians will hold lotteries legally?

One of the busiest lobbyists when the provincial premiers meet in Charlottetown this August will be Quebec's Jean Lesage suggesting to his colleagues that they seriously consider holding provincial lotteries to help finance such tax burdens as hospital insurance. Lesage has been quietly pushing the idea of lotteries almost since he took power last year and he's had some success. Davie Fulton's Justice Department in Ottawa is currently considering an amendment to section 179 of the Criminal Code that would allow provincial governments to hold a few — three is a good guess for the maximum — sweepstakes or lotteries a year.

Lesage appears to have popular support. A recent survey of its readers by the Montreal newspaper La Presse showed 98 780 in favor of legalizing lotteries and only 149 against. On a national scale, the Gallup Poll has reported 75 percent of the people it talks to in favor.

How much success Lesage will have at the premiers' conference is quite another matter. B.C.'s attorney-general Robert Bonner has already called Lesage's proposal "sheer nonsense." Ontario's Kelso Roberts has said personally, I'm against provincial lotteries.

Maclean's polled Bonner and Roberts and Canada's eight other attorneys-general to ask what their reaction would be if the federal government did decide to allow lotteries. Most said they wouldn't even guess now. Nothing," said J. R. Cullis of Newfoundland. Sterling R. Lyon of Manitoba pointed out that at the last session of the Manitoba Legislature a private member's resolution urging the legalization of lotteries was defeated 50-3. And Premier Ernest Manning of Alberta who acts as his own attorney-general suggested that "Social Credit not legalized gambling is the answer to ... money problems."

What if Ottawa does allow it and Quebec is the only province to initiate lotteries? If many became millionaires overnight, as in 1959 the Post Office opened 10 299 letters addressed in British football pools — a form of lottery playing that Canadians are forbidden by law to take part in.

WATCH FOR

LOWER DRUG BILLS, as the result of new regulations by the federal food and drug directorate. Few doctors have been willing to prescribe drugs by their generic (rather than brand) names, since they aren't sure of the ability of some of the cheaper and not widely known brands. Later this summer, when the new regulations come into effect, the druggists will be able to test all materials both raw and bulk. Until all foreign drugs being sold in Canada. It will also be able to insist that its inspectors investigate the factories of any company in which they want to sell drugs here. This means druggists will have more confidence in all brands and patients, armed with generic prescriptions, can shop for prices.

A TRIPLE-THREAT HAT: It's a crushable black felt which the owner (if anyone buys it) can manipulate the brim and crown into homburg, snap-brim and feather-banded sports shapes.

AN ORAL CONTRACEPTIVE for men. With some birth-control pills for women already on the market (though still quite expensive) science is now very close to perfecting a pill for males. One drawback: the latest drawback has been the inability of any company to find a method that wants to sell drugs here. This means druggists will have more confidence in all brands and patients, armed with generic prescriptions, can shop for prices.

WATCH OUT FOR

FLYERS THAT FLY: A fast moving car hurtles down your quiet street. Out the front window, a grim man aims the muzzle of a gun. Voom! An advertising sheet forked up in a light plastic cone, smooches off your front door. It's already happening in Vancouver, home base of a firm called Canada Business Features which has Canadian rights on a carbon-dioxide powered device. In should it bring, walkies" to put it flyers. Claude Dyes is hinting that can deliver 1 000 sheets an hour. Municipal police aren't sure whether the guns are dangerous. If they're not, the next step may be rocket newspaper delivery.

A new life for the lonely aged—in foster homes

One of the tragedies of old age has always been that many of the aged with no families to home in their own have been sent to hospitals to live out their last days in boredom and loneliness. One 78-year-old man in an Ottawa hospital for chronic patients until last year had been there since 1928 without having a single visitor.

Now a new plan for the aged—foster homes—is making hundreds of elderly patients in Vancouver, Toronto, Ottawa and a handful of smaller cities out of those hospitals and into foster homes. Unwanted children began years ago to move neglected children out of Dickensian orphanages.

Ottawa is typical. There Marjorie Bradford, director of social services, instituted the plan in 1958. That year a dozen old people were placed in foster homes. By now more than 100 are living happier and richer lives outside hospitals.

The 78-year-old man is one. Crippled in childhood, he had been looked after by his mother until 1958, when she died and he was taken in hospital. Last year, Miss Bradford moved him to a foster home, where he shares a room with another elderly man in a wheelchair goes for drives with his foster family and delights in his window-box flower garden.

The inmates who take in this kind of visitor like it a lot. A couple in their late 50s, Mrs. and Mrs. Bradford feels, than that of people who take in foster children. Many of the aged are set in their habits and require tactful care. The foster families are paid between $80 and $110 in Ottawa, the social services department supplements an old person's pension. The aged are given about $8 a month for their personal use. One old man was married at his foster families' request four times in their months before he found a home that was happy with him. He was in the habit of using his $8 for a monthly 24-hour wine-drinking spree. Now he's been with one family for three months; they give him his eight dollars in toothpaste and shaving cream.

But many of the foster families get as much pleasure from their new role as their charges. One widow in 48 has left her job to take care of her own aged mother when her mother died she decided to make a full-time job out of looking after the aged. Others have taken in young children when their own were visiting, but in middle age prefer the elderly.

Foster homes are the trend," says Miss Bradford. "Soon I hope hospitals will be used only for old people need active treatment. When our oldsters have to go to hospital, they're visited by their foster families and friends from the same board; home and they count the days till they can get out."

—FRANCES BALDWIN

What the census will likely find out

Final tabulations of this month's census will take three years to complete but experts at the Dominion Bureau of Statistics recently gave Maclean's some idea of what it's likely to reveal.

- **Total population**, of June 1, 1961 approximately 18 200 000, an increase of more than four million since the 1951 census and the equivalent of adding an extra province of Quebec during the past ten years.
- **Alberta** instead of British Columbia as Canada's fastest growing province.
- **Prince Edward Island** joining Saskatchewan in the list of provinces that have lost population in the past ten years. (In the 1951 tabulation P.E.I. showed a 30% gain.)
- **About 300 000 more** men than women in Canada. In rural areas single men aged 20 to 24 now outnumber their female counterparts by 120.
- **34% of the population** under fifteen (79 years ago it was only 29%.)

This and other information will be used to decide the future location of post offices, determine quotas for sales taxes of nationally distributed products, give the basis of redistribution of federal grants about to provinces and a per-capita basis, provide parliament with the basis of redistributing House of Commons seats. Unless special legislation is enacted the 1961 census results will take many Tory seats from Saskatchewan (one from Manitoba, one from Nova Scotia and one from Quebec with Ontario and B.C. getting the extra representation.

How a young teacher runs a one-man peace corps

Donald Simpson, a young high-school teacher in London, Ont., got a phone call from Idlewild Airport one evening last fall. It was Andy Omoka of Nigeria.

"I've got landed," said Andy. "I've got $10. I want to go to university. What do I do now?"

"Hold on," said Simpson. "I'll call you back." Simpson wasn't long from Nigeria himself. He'd spent the summer there working for Crossroads Africa, a team of Canadians, Americans and Nigerians who built a concrete market place at Eha Amufu, organized a library, taught native children and just generally helped. While there Simpson had talked quite a bit about North American education. Andy Omoka it now appeared, had taken him seriously.

Simpson telephoned a Crossroads' worker from New York. He called him and asked him to pick up Andy at the airport and look after him for a few days. Then he called Andy back and discovered that the boy had previously arranged by mail to enter the University of Michigan. His friends in Nigeria had chipped in to pay his fare to New York. Simpson dug into his own meagre savings and sent him a ticket to Ann Arbor. All last winter Simpson sent his earnings from lectures about Africa—$600 in all—to help Andy put his way through Michigan's campus in a hologated science.



The lectures were part of Simpson's obligations in Crossroads Africa, a group started by Dr. James Robinson, Negro pastor of New York's Church of the Master. The United Church of Canada Board of Men helped sponsor Crossroads and Simpson, a United Churchman who had, the year before, talked London high-school students into raising $2 000 to bring a student from Ghana to the Ontario College of Education signed up. He had promised to give 52 talks about Africa on his first year back in Canada.

But even with the lectures and Andy Omoka, Donald Simpson didn't feel he was doing enough. Last winter he had an Miniature about the Africa Students Foundation established by Prof. Ronald Cohen of the University of Toronto and promptly organized a London chapter. Already it's raised half the $10 000 it needs to bring four students to the University of Western Ontario. This summer Simpson and his wife will entertain some of the African students already in Canada and will help to place them in homes for the holidays.

"I do a lot of talking about helping Africans," he says. "I'm not trying to practise what I preach."

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Do summit meetings have to be treated as cold war battles?

AS K MEETS K in Vienna the usual twitters of apprehension are heard throughout the western world. Some volunteer advisers are worrying lest the young, innocent, possibly naive President Kennedy might unwittingly give something away to Premier Khrushchov. Others are equally worried lest the young, intransigent Irish-American president might *not* give way on anything—and thus leave the international stalemate unbroken like the trench warfare of 1916.

These two schools, who fancy themselves drastically opposed, seem to us to be agreed on the most important question of all. They both see the world as a theatre of cold war. They both think every topic of conversation between the two great powers must be an "issue" — the occasion for a bargaining match, a contest of wills and wits. In our opinion this view of world affairs is self-centred and unrealistic. Many of the tasks of today, and some of the most urgent, are tasks on which the two super-powers not only may but must work together in overt and unstrategic.

It is not true that communism (or, as a Russian would say, capitalism) is the worst peril facing human kind. The worst perils are still what they have always been — famine and pestilence, misery and despair, the black pit of barbaric anarchy from which no civilization has yet made more than a precarious escape for a lucky minority. For half to two-thirds of living human beings the most imminent danger of violent death is not the hydrogen bomb, but the ancient habit of cutting an enemy's throat, not radioactive fallout, but simple old-fashioned starvation.

These facts of life cannot be translated into the idiom of the cold war. The savages who murdered Patrice Lumumba were not delegates of capitalism, nor the kidnappers of Moise Tshombe agents of Moscow. They were savages behaving like savages, and to think that we must choose sides between the two groups is absurd. The obvious interest of *both* the great power blocs is to put an end to savagery itself, and to bring these primitive folk into the community of the twentieth century.

No doubt at a first brief meeting Messrs K and K have to spend most of their time going through the dreary familiar routine of the cold war's deadlocks. But it may not be too much to hope that they also could talk to each other as leaders of the civilized world, about the common tasks of civilized man.

MAILBAG: "Demanding to come to Canada is racial discrimination" / The shoes women want

Thunderous applause for Kildare Dobbs and his Cave for Kicking Canada out of the Commonwealth (Preview, May 6). The general listening façade of self-righteousness needs such a punishing at regular and frequent intervals.—HAROLD BLAIKIE, HALIFAX.

✒ Why does Mr. Dobbs think it is Canada's duty to admit citizens of any ethnic sovereign state to Canadian citizenship? Because "they would like to come to Canada," he says. If any citizen of any other nation white, brown, black, yellow or green demands the *right* to become a Canadian citizen, he is attempting to practice racial discrimination against the Canadian people. He is claiming that because of his color or race he has the right to deprive the Canadian government of their right and duty to choose immigrants whom they have reason to believe will make the best citizens of Canada we can get.—LARRY H. M. BRADOS, VANCOUVER.

✒ If we continue in our selfish ways those artificial walls that we guard so jealously with such rigid laws will be destroyed just as so many other walls have been torn down and overturn in man's long history of selfishness and greed.—GWYNETH YOUNG, WINNIPEG.

✒ The short article by Kildare Dobbs is one of the few bits of common sense issued by the Canadian press.—W. J. BULLOCK, VICTORIA.

Why women wear painted shoes

Please note that we women do not all like whatever happens to be the latest trend in fashion footwear—needle toes, stiletto heels, etc., and now as forecasted, the platypus (print the platypus on each package). May 20). But what are we supposed to do? Go barefoot in our supply of older type shoes dwindles!

Surely the manufacturers can put out a smart looking shoe with practical heel which would be suitable for all but the most dressy occasions. Goodness knows we pay enough for our footwear to warrant this consideration!—MISS ISABEL LARTER, VANCOUVER.

✒ Keep it up ladies. At least you are providing employment for the chiropodists and foot specialists.—MRS. P. M. STERLING, PONOKA, ALTA.



✒ When the pointed toe came in we were living in Toronto. We found hard to buy stylish shoes without the pointed toe (and stiletto heel). We couldn't get them. We were *forced* to buy things we didn't want.—G. BLUMLE, OAKVILLE.

✒ If you can recommend a store that sells comfortable, rounded toed shoes I will rush right over and buy some.—MARY JACOBS, TIBERIUS.

How to pay for charity

William C. Heine in his Love for the Sake of Argument (May 20) makes a good point when he suggests that necessary services covered by the United Appeal should not be dependent on the generosity of a few. 85% of the money comes from 15% of those who give. However, rather than add an additional tax to the property owners burden why not use a tax more painless method—the national lottery? Judging from the number of people who buy sweepstakes tickets illegally it appears that the voters would prove to the lawmakers that the archaic individuals who condemn these games of chance are in fact only a vociferous minority. With legalized lotteries for charitable purposes many non-charitable people would contribute to the charity reward for their donation. When will we wake up?—P. L. WILLINGHAM, TORONTO.

For a Portrait of the chances of lotteries in Canada see page 11.

The case against Berrill

Concerning your article about the 21st century by your retained scientist N. T. Birrill. (The case against the 21st century, May 6). I can only say that I never read anything more gloomy and cynical. Humans in no way resemble rabbits or propagate like them. Nature itself will begin Berrill's mathematical approach to the increasing population of the world. Bacteria will get stronger and more resistant to wonder drugs. There will come a time when the population of the world will balance itself or even drop.—FREDERICK R. WIGGIN, ARLK, TORONTO.

✒ Does not Berrill realize that by the year 2100 we will probably be migrating to some other planet anyway? We, or at least our great grandchildren, will probably be the pioneers to such planets, and will go in large groups, thus making more room for us on earth. So I say: On with conquering space and getting ready for these things which are bound to come to pass! Let's educate our children in all scientific ways and prepare them for this great day which will come.—MRS. FRANCES J. HOOK, MONCTON, N.B.

✒ Well, well! So you think the forecast is gloomy? You had you never heard of God. He has been running this universe for a good many million years, and is likely to be running it for a good many million more—in spite of the scientists.—MRS. H. AVEL, CURLING, NFLD.

Ray Gardner's friends

Congratulations to Ray Gardner for his article "How I too run with hounds and influence people" (May 20). His deadpan reporting on his course at a Dale Carnegie business school is a masterpiece of exposé. $10,000 graduates—and every one of them our friends.—MRS. DOROTHY DAVIDSON, ORMSTOWN, QUE.

✒ I do feel that the Dale Carnegie course must have done Ray Gardner some good judging by the firm stance and clear eyed dentist and but friendly expression as caught by the photographer as he holds up his certificate.—LEORGE B. MOLEAN, TORONTO.

Down with calendar art!

May I commend you on your recent policy of replacing some of the calendar art on your covers with the works of first rate Canadian artists. I particularly enjoyed a Montreal city scape by Montreal artist Ghitta Caiserman. Please keep printing these attractive covers.—M. THORSTEINSSON, MONTREAL.



MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6

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D Men's Three-Suiter—For long trips. Two sections—3 hangers, tie rack $57.50
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Perhaps you've driven after having had a drink or two and made out all right. But remember . . . you don't have to be intoxicated to become a potential menace to yourself and everyone else on our streets and highways.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

VOLUME 74 JUNE 17, 1961 NUMBER 12

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(Advertisement)



In an indoor riding ring, a Bolex owner takes action movies in color. He uses the Bolex D8L (Leica 8-mm camera) and has

Now you can make movies indoors without lights, if you wish, with Bolex, the world's most precise 8-mm camera

The Bolex D8L is not a "point-and-shoot" confection. It is a precision instrument for the man who takes photography seriously. It produces close-ups equal to those made with many 16-mm cameras. Its variable shutter, unique light-measuring system, choice of lenses and its battery of more than 200 accessories make you a completely versatile photographer.

WHETHER you wish to photograph the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, catch a careening sports car on a curve or dramatize a nuptial celebration, it's child play for the talented Bolex D8L.

You can attach your Bolex to a microscope and record bacteria at play. With the telephoto lens you can spy into the holes of wary bird life. With the super-fast Switar lens (f 0.9—13 mm) and the ultra-fast colour film, you can even take pictures indoors, without self-conscious flood lights.

Tested 60 times for accuracy

The D8L has over 400 parts, all hand-assembled by people trained to work within tolerances of one ten-thousandth of an inch.

The camera undergoes 60 different tests for accuracy. In fact, *more than half the craftsman-hours that go into a Bolex are spent testing for precision.*

Lenses neither "cool nor warm"

You will often hear of "cool" and "warm" lenses. This means that they do not reproduce colour faithfully. Bolex lenses are as nearly "neutral" as has yet been achieved. In a recent comparative test of new colour films made by *Popular Photography*, two Bolex D8L's were used.

There are thirteen different lenses for the 8-mm Bolex. Each is a complete self-contained lens. Many three lens cameras have one basic lens with two *converters*, a compromise that saves money but costs you dear in picture quality. Among the Bolex lenses is an extreme wide-angle (5.5 mm—f 1.8) that can take in a whole birthday party without moving. There are 6 different "normal" lenses at a variety of prices. And the 36-mm f/1.8 telephoto lens is as sharp wide open as most similar lenses are at their optimum settings.

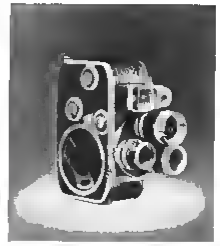
1/1,000 of an inch too much

Next to the lens in importance is the mechanism that carries the film behind the shutter. *A variation of one thousandth of an inch in the mechanism that positions the film will show up on the screen as a jump of one quarter of an inch.*

More precision: constant shutter speed is essential. Some cameras run fast when they're wound, light, slow down as they unwind. The Swiss motor in the Bolex has a miniature governor that rules camera speed from first frame to last.

Easy to use, but versatile

You can take pictures right away with your Bolex. (The instruction book itself is a masterpiece of lucidity.) But an irresistible array of devices can be brought into play to put variety in your movies. The D8L has *seven* filming speeds. Using 12 frames per second, you can make your family perform Mack Sennett antics. At 64 frames per second, you have real slow motion that you can use to analyse a golf swing or a figure skating stance.



The Bolex D8L with 3 interchangeable lenses costs $290. With one lens, add others at your leisure. It is $264.50. Other Bolex 8-mm cameras from $124.50.

With the amazing single framing device, one picture at a time, you are the complete master of time. You can condense the blooming of a daffodil into a few seconds, make furniture move uncannily about the room; produce animated cartoons.

Every eventuality is considered. If you wear glasses, an attachment corrects the viewfinder for your vision. Loading the film is as easy as a box camera. And a thoughtful safety device won't let you close the camera while the film gate is open.

No "planned obsolescence"

"Planned obsolescence" has not caught up to the Bolex people. They have pioneered some of the great new ideas in 8-mm cameras. Each of these improvements has been added without *altering the basic Bolex design*. Today, each innovation can be added to any Bolex 8-mm bought since 1953.

The most recent Bolex invention is an ingenious light meter that *actually looks out through the lens* to measure the exact light it sees, whatever the lens: normal, telephoto or wide angle. It even makes its own corrections for filters.

Another first in 1959: Bolex dazzled photographers with an exclusive variable shutter. You can now begin and end scenes with smooth, professional fades as easily as turning down the volume on a radio.

More than 200 accessories

Even when they introduced a "zoom" lens, the Bolex designers made it as an *accessory* to fit any Bolex camera. It was the first variable focus lens that delivered a truly sharp image. The newest f 1.9 version of the Pan Cinor slides through all focal lengths from a wide angle (9 mm) to telephoto (40 mm). You can zoom from a picture of a whole football team to a single player.

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The Bolex D8L, working in reverse action with a Bolex projector can give you pictures on the screen as *clear as many 16 mm cameras*. Indeed, Bolex 8 mm equipment is used to produce low cost sales training films and educational films.

If you do not know the name of a dealer near you, write to **Bolex House, Tycos Drive, Toronto 19, Ont.** If you request it especially, you will also receive an 18-page Bolex catalogue describing several variations of the Bolex 8-mm camera, and Bolex 16-mm cameras, with complete descriptions of accessories.



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MORE THAN 600 OFFICES ACROSS CANADA AND ABROAD

Is the "potential danger" of wonder drugs known?
Patronage in Quebec is "just as evident as ever"

I was particularly interested in the article on wonder drugs by Patty Grace Preview. How and why wonder drugs are losing their wonder (May 6) and also particularly pleased to see it in the mainly read pages of Maclean's. Articles such as this have been published in the less popular type of period only, and frowned upon and belittled by many doctors in efforts to discredit any criticism. However the real and potential dangers of wonder drugs are getting to be more widely accepted and understood — but in spite of this they are still being used in enormous quantities both medically and otherwise. — MRS. IVY SMITH, SOUTH PENDER ISLAND, B.C.

Newman's revolution — and others

Peter C. Newman's article on Quebec politics (The French Revolution, Quebec 1961, April 22) reveals a surprising lack of depth and doesn't live up to the usual standards of your magazine. The only conclusion a non-Quebecois will draw from the article is that we are gradually becoming anti-clerical, leftist and rioting radicals because of the Liberals victory over the Union Nationale. Invisible stranglehold. Nothing could be further removed from the truth and despite any conclusions that may be drawn from Mr. Newman's commentary, *les Quebecois* have definitely benefited from the Anglo-Saxon temperament and are not a bunch of hot headed Latins ready for revolt. They are solid Canadians who happen to take politics a bit more seriously than the majority seem to. — J. C. GALLANT, MONTREAL, QUE.

✒ On numerous occasions your magazine has carried articles lauding the firm stand taken by Premier Lesage against patronage. I must only conclude that your contributors take these public statements at face value and have done no investigating within the province of Quebec to verify them. From observable facts in our district patronage is just as evident under the present government as it has been under any other. I am not and never have been a Union Nationale supporter but this in no way renders me blind to the faults of the present administration. — D. A. FARRAR, BUCKINGHAM, QUE.

Two lively answers to Laycock

Surely Samuel R. Laycock in his article, A belated tribute to Dr. Lee (April 22) proved two things: (1) that the old man can be boring and (2) he can expand the minimum of thought into the maximum of words. — HOMER B. NELLY, LONDON, ONT.

✒ What a wonderful article! — MRS. A. PURDELL STEPHENSON, CORDELL HILL, B.C.

There'll always be a nanny

As a middle aged English nannie it was with interest and amusement I read Don Gordon's "Looking for an English servant? Money isn't enough" (Preview, September 24). I can assure Mr. Gordon I have washed my nursery floors many times, my pram is not a super model but one of the lower priced models from a well known firm. Also a nanny's life is a very lonely one. When needing other knitting, sewing or some task as well as rhinwagging. The loyalty of a nannie is seldom in question. The British nannie is well known the world over, so instead of saying "money isn't enough" let us say "money isn't everything." — M. SPICER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Two more looks at Montreal

In Mr. John Little's article, A fond last look at Montreal (May 6), there is a photograph of a row of houses on Mackay Street. They have been there a long time. I was born in the last house on the left in 1892. A very dignified group of



houses. I hope they escape the fate of so many old landmarks in Montreal. — A. Y. JACKSON, MANOTICK, ONT.

Mr. Jackson's comment on artist John Little's comments, but a special significance. Mr. Jackson is one of the original artists of Canada's Group of Seven.

✒ I entirely agree with John Little. If he will form a citizens committee of protest against destruction of old buildings I will be the first to join. Furthermore we should put down the city fathers to stop the creation of featureless, flat-chested cubic-like structures and instead follow Mr. Little's idea of preserving old houses and buildings by outside repair and inside modernization. They could be made into duplexes. — MISS H. B. SCANTLY, WESTMOUNT, QUE.

Who should be glorified?

In your issue of May 6, a correspondent exhibits gall for glorifying nature. In that same issue, with Mordecai Richler's article about life in Paris, we have shown again Richler takes a curiously approving attitude toward anyone so long as the crimes are committed by bums, and his friends. The non-meat selling, magazine ads by thieves and false prophecies he describes as "easy going." The linger is "hard pressed" the thieves "live by their wits." The world's drug whole-salers simply don't want pimps' jobs, the nine man gang that robs a landlady is summing a symbolic act of vengeance," the writers of pornography turn "in genuine" small words that with these standards of morality Richler has an "abiding hatred" for the police. It is nice to know that Richler is now "tediously well-to-do." May we hope that he will relieve this tedium by a little soul-searching, so that some day he may feel decently ashamed instead of smug when he thinks and writes about his Parisian victims? — RAYMOND HULL, VANCOUVER. ★



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Donald Gordon has been the CBC's correspondent in London for several years



DONALD GORDON SAYS

Canadians, stay home

apart now Canada's reputation abroad is glowing By accident or design in our diplomacy we have impressed the Afro-Asians bewildered the British bolstered the Europeans and awakened the overconfident Americans We have become a force to be reckoned with just as they forecast at Confederation

All we have to do to make sure that this good name sticks is to reverse a trend In fact we must keep Canadians at home As long as no one gets to know us we're in

There are exceptions of course But barring a handful of veteran diplomats some dedicated missionaries and welfare workers and a few unnaturally sophisticated left-quest students there is a persuasive case to be made for a far-reaching stay at home campaign

The wide-brim army would go

Consider what could be achieved In one sweep we could remove from public sight all the irritating personalities we take for granted at home And the rest the world blissfully unaware of our basically objectionable qualities would laud us as the delightful and surprising world statesman that our policies and proposals suggest we are

We would for instance hide away the Canada Firster sparing outsiders the sight and sound of overdone eulogies about Canada and things Canadian and disband that small army of hearty red-faced individuals in slightly too wide-brimmed stetsons or lumberjack coats who appear so often in hotel lobbies pubs and otherwise anglicized bistros

The most obvious of these of course are the transients, such as the inevitable two or three on each group tour — be they trade missions tourists or fun-hunters — who express their Canadianism through noisy disdain They're typified by the pair of businessmen for instance who spent a two-week visit to Russia boozing in a hotel room in Moscow They decided on first glance and told all within earshot that the Soviet Union really had nothing pleasant to offer them that could compare with the wonders of their home town. They were so sure they didn't even bother to look.

On longer stays, you get the legion of Canadian workmen and engineers of the Colombo Plan who often undo their good work on the job by insisting on living eating and sleeping in splendid isolation from the local people they are supposed to be helping.

Dr H B T Holland, the general secretary of Overseas Service — a British organization devoted to preparing Britons for overseas jobs—comments "We are too often complacent We think we know the answers These technicians who go abroad do a good job and they're affluent but so often they keep themselves completely separate They don't want to get involved — it's not comfortable"

Our Canada Firsters account for lesser pinpricks too

Across the street from Canada House in London is an old and distinguished pub The Two Chairmen which has catered to a calm and distinguished clientele for several centuries Regulars there include the rising young men of the Foreign Office, a scattering of young executives from adjoining businesses and a coterie from the Admiralty the Army and the National Gallery

"If I had half a crown for every Canadian tourist who has come in here for his first pint in England only to complain about warm beer and start telling me about how wonderful Canadian beer is I'd be a rich man" says a venerable bartender there "And you know I tasted some of your beer once It's not that wonderful.

Another veteran in Pall Mall tells of his troubles in piloting visiting Canadians about the City of Light

"First of all they want a steak —just like they have at home" he wails "I take them to a good average restaurant say to Dupont's off the Champs Elysees They order a steak —well done! And what do they drink? Mineral water!

"I take them out in the evening — to Montmartre or the Left Bank. If they like something it's because it reminds them of what they have seen in Toronto If they do not like it they tell me of what they would be doing at this time in Toronto Why do they not stay there in the first place?"

In Geneva home of notable Alps and impeccable hotels I watched be moused one day while a Canada Firster — on a non-government mission — proceeded to lecture his Swiss driver With a wave he took in the dazzling sunshine and the crisp, snow-covered mountains "You call those mountains," he demanded "Why back in Calgary we'd call them foothills." His follow-up argument naturally included the Calgary Stampede and the Jasper Park bears that eat from your hand

Permanent exhibits (more eyesores to come) such as the Canadian family living permanently now in the stockbrokers belt of a London suburb would be eliminated as well This worthy family of four makes it a practice to have monthly shipments of frozen meat and vegetables bacon maple syrup, cheese and other goodies flown in on special order from Canada.

They're displayed on the household dining table for residents and guests alike coupled with endless asides to all comers about the inadequacy of British victuals the rigors of local shopping CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



The best thing that ever happened to the 6-cylinder engine

Chrysler Corporation developed a new one that gives 20% more "go" on 15% less gas.*

What's the big difference in the new kind of Six developed by Chrysler Corporation engineers? It's set on a slant! This 30° slant allows for a larger more efficient manifold for uniform engine breathing. This manifold system along with other improvements in design, adds "go" and improves economy *(Twenty percent more "go" than any Six we've had before, and on 15% less gas.)



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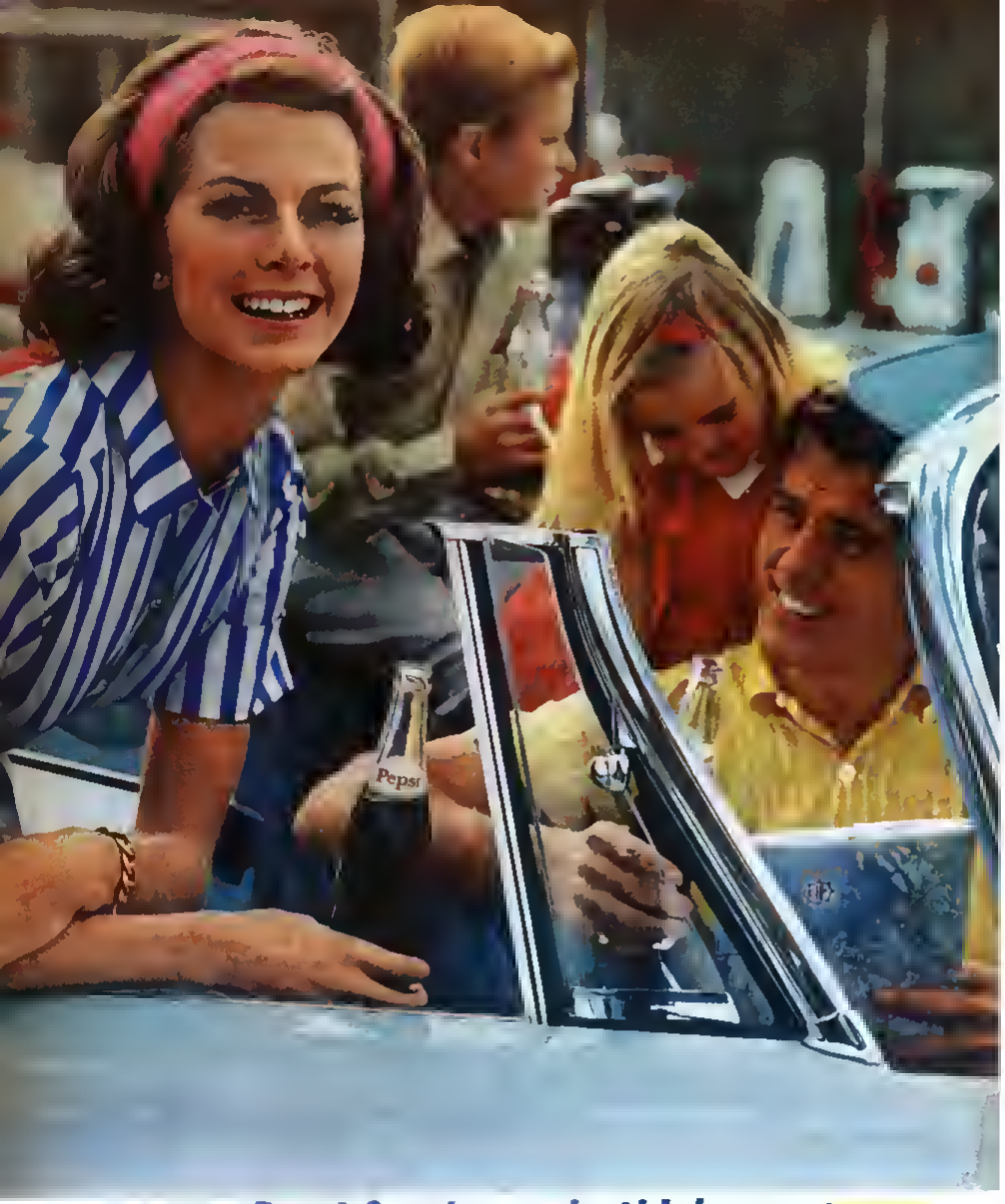
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IS AFRICA THE GRAVEYARD OF THE UN?

"Just as one African problem destroyed the League of Nations long ago, a multitude of new African problems may destroy the United Nations now, and wreck once more the vision of a world that will do its talking first and its shooting second." A report by Maclean's contributing editor



Allen checks out with UN soldiers from Tunisia

ON ONE SIDE OF A NARROW ROAD in the little Congolese city of Coquilhatville a detachment of homesick but otherwise fairly happy army signallers are counting the days until they can go back to Canada. On the other side of the road two companies of infantrymen are counting the days until they can go back to Ethiopia. They are all members of the United Nations force charged with keeping something like peace in the Congo.

They get along very well together. The Canadians are fully aware that in case of new trouble with the unpredictable Congolese soldiers all around them they'll have to rely on the Ethiopians to defend the front windows while they defend the back ones. The Ethiopians have made the reciprocal and equally comforting discovery that the Canadians are seldom out of beer and while it holds out are cheerfully willing to share it.

To neither the Canadians nor the Ethiopians has their strange affinity in this strange meeting place yet come home in its full irony. They are as much as anyone else in the world control the fate of the world's latest and perhaps last adventure in collective security. As this is written a dozen hostile factions are within pistol range of the little United Nations detachment in Coquilhatville. Moise Tshombe the strongman of Katanga is locked up at the little airport while his political rivals ponder whether they dare kill him as ruthlessly as they killed (with Tshombe's help) the other brief strongman Patrice Lumumba. Whatever happens or has happened by the time this finds print Canadians and Ethiopians are fairly sure to be involved as closely again as they were in 1935 when under varied pressures Mackenzie King and Ernest Lapointe drove the last nail in the coffin of the old League of Nations and handed over Ethiopia to the invading Italians.

IN NEW YORK IT LOOKS ABYSMALLY BAD IN THE CONGO ITSELF ONLY TERRIBLY BAD

These past wounds luckily are forgotten and so far as the Canadians and the Ethiopians in the UN force are concerned as well as the Swedes Nigerians Tunisians Gurkhas Malayans and Irishmen most of them are working from scratch. There are no grudges and few memories.

For all that one must wonder—and wonder very hard—whether as one African problem destroyed the League of Nations long ago a multitude of new African problems may not destroy the United Nations now and wreck once more the vision of a world that will do its talking first and its shooting second.

The number one problem of course remains the Congo where the United Nations has already lost whatever tiny illusion of unity it ever had and where the very people who profit most from it and depend for their very lives on it are the nearest in attacking it. But the Congo is only one of the glowing fuses that threaten to blow the world peace organization apart again. To mention only a few of those that the United Nations has admitted to having an official and proper interest in there are the unfortunate little Belgian trusteeship of Ruanda-Urundi the huge shooting gallery and torture chamber of Portuguese Angola the much abused mandate of South West Africa and then the new and rabid republic of South Africa itself.

Since last March I have been on assignment to try to discover something about how well or badly the United Nations is doing at its base in New York and its testing ground in Africa. I have spent a great deal of time exploring the green broadloom jungle beside the East River at the foot of 46th Street and even more wading amid the reeds and elephant grass beside the Congo. It is very hard to say from which place the UN seems in greater trouble: from the political swamps of one river or the crocodile swamps of the other.

Seen from New York the position and future of the United Nations look abysmally bad. Seen from Africa they look only terribly bad. The General Assembly chamber and the Security Council chamber and the chambers of the main committees with a very few exceptions are filled not with men who want to discuss and try to resolve their differences. They are filled with men who are making speeches to the folks back home. Nkrumah does not speak to the Assembly—he speaks to his little dictatorship in Ghana. Gromyko does not speak to the United Nations; he speaks to Khrushchov. The foreign ministers of Yugoslavia and Albania flown in for the occasion speak to Gromyko.

Not long ago Adlai Stevenson made one of the most generous and statesmanlike speeches ever delivered in the UN. He said in effect that the United States was prepared to give much greater aid than ever before to the needy countries of Africa. He added that it wanted to avoid the persistent charge of attaching strings and therefore would like the African nations to suggest exactly how this aid might be accepted and used.

Africa's needs are virtually limitless," Stevenson said. "... our program of aid for social and economic assistance must be seen on its own merits, separated from military assistance."

Economic aid to Africa has overtones of argentum and of need unknown elsewhere. "... Nowhere in the world do people look forward with more hope or reach out more eagerly for the fruits of modern knowledge and modern technique. To assist this vast undertaking in this great awakening continent ... the American administration is wholly dedicated."

HUEY LONGS OF ALL CREEDS AND COLORS SNAP THEIR GALLUSES FOR HOME TOWNERS

A few minutes later there was a reply from Jaja Wachuku speaking for Nigeria. No country had better reason to grasp the olive branch than his. It is by far the most populous of all the African nations in numbers three times as large as South Africa. Unlike the Congo it was not coldly deserted by its former white masters. It was liberated in the truest sense: the British left it in good working order.

But Wachuku's and Nigeria's response to the white man's olive branch showed not the slightest appreciation of these matters. Wachuku was willing to accept the fruit of the branch but not the spirit behind it. A big, Paul Robeson of a man in a flowing gold robe and gold pillbox hat, he made a discouraging sight as he said in effect that Africa would take the U.S. offer but wished to remind the United States that Africa did not intend to be "hoodwinked or mesmerized" by it.

There were half a dozen other speeches in this vein as the parliament of man lurched further and further away from the goal of real conciliation and came more and more to resemble an assembly of Huey Longs of all creeds and colors snapping their galluses as loudly as possible for the benefit of the hometown papers. After another CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

THE MOST APPALLING JUNGLE WAR OF ALL— THE HANDCUFFED FIGHT AGAINST DISEASE

Two Canadian doctors run a modern million-dollar hospital deep in the Congo jungle. But without power, medical supplies or even food for their patients, they practise primitive medicine against the world's most overwhelming disease rate

IN THE TRAGIC JUNGLE of anarchy, blind evil and good intentions gone wrong that make up the eleven month history of the "liberated" Congo there sometimes emerges a gleam of light.

Thanks to two devoted young Canadian doctors one of the brightest rays has thrust its way through the rain forest of Equator province to the region of Gemena. Here three degrees above the equator in prime elephant, leopard, crocodile, witch-doctor and cannibal country, 29 year-old Amir Hassan Khazen and 31 year-old Latif Georges Sarkis are just completing a



Drs. Khazen and Sarkis at their Gemena hospital.

tour of duty in the highest, strangest and most adventurous tradition of their profession.

Khazen, an Iranian by birth, had been doing postgraduate work in surgery at the University of Manitoba. Sarkis, originally from Lebanon, was practising surgery in Montreal. Last February, the Canadian Red Cross Society, answering an appeal from the World Health Organization, asked them to join a Belgian doctor in providing help for the 400 bed territorial hospital at Gemena. They arrived on the brink of a showdown battle in which Malayan and North African troops of the United Nations were besieged by the wild, trigger happy hoodlums of the Congolese National Army. The Congolese stormed the hospital at night looking for UN soldiers, broke several windows, getting in and threatened to shoot the doctors forthwith. In the end the UN pulled out of Gemena, but the three doctors, along with two Belgian nuns, stayed to care as best they could for nearly a quarter of a million natives spread over tens of thousands of square miles of jungle, savannah and swamp. There were no friendly troops within two hundred miles. For several weeks no United Nations planes or personnel were allowed to land at the local airfield and the doctors had no protection against the vagaries of the Congolese army and the surrounding maze of primitive tribes. They had no source of drugs and other desperately needed medical supplies. The determinedly pan-African administration put an ill-trained ex-orderly in command of the hospital, but made no provision to feed the patients or tend the wards. Patients streamed in, followed and sometimes carried by their wives or husbands and children. On rainy nights the families slept under the patients' beds or at their feet. By day, in the compounds or under the perches they cooked maize or manioc root—the starchy staple of a diet that hovers even at the best close to the starvation level — and brought it to the inmates in tin and earthen bowls. Such sketchy cleaning as the hospital received was done by the resident relatives and a daily detail of convicts from the local jail. (The only clean place in the hospital was the little labor room of the maternity ward where Sisters Marie-Thérèse and Maria-Theofred of the order of the Servants of St. Paul insisted on doing the scrubbing themselves.)

Because of the lack of housekeeping help, technical help and nursing help and especially of drugs, medicine, anaesthetics, oxygen and other auxiliary equipment, a million dollars' worth of fully modern scientific apparatus had to lie idle. A brand-new laboratory, a brand-new clinic and a brand-new operating room had been left behind by the departing Belgians but the incoming Congolese put them all under lock and key. There was no malice or ill will in this action, just an expression of the general determination that come hell, high water, or hindrance — from any source whatever and for any reason whatever — the Congo for the moment is going to run its own affairs.

"IF THEY WON'T LET US IN THE PALACES WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN IN THE STABLES"

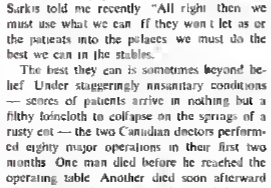
For men like Sarkis, Khazen and their Belgian colleague Dr. Julien Tilkin their problems were almost, but not quite, heartbreaking.



Major surgery with light but without anesthetics

"The new equipment is not available to us," Sarkis told me recently. "All right, then we must use what we can. If they won't let us in the palaces we must do the best we can in the stables."

The best they can is sometimes beyond belief. Under staggeringly unsanitary conditions — scores of patients arrive in nothing but a filthy loincloth to collapse on the springs of a rusty cot — the two Canadian doctors performed eighty major operations in their first two months. One man died before he reached the operating table. Another died soon afterward of simple, stark starvation, hastened by two of the many chronic diseases common in the



TB patients waving cards lined up for treatment

country. Pneumonia and his operation killed a third, but seventy-seven out of eighty lived.

These figures are only for people who needed major operations. They do not take into account the appalling and pitifully high percentage of Congolese who are just plain and perpetually sick.

In the bush or jungle and in the grass and mud villages — and that is where most of the people here still live — it is quite possible for a man or woman to go through a short and tormented life with not just one or two but three, four or five chronic diseases. He may never know which of them is killing him and, unless he is unusually CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

A REPORTER AT LARGE AMONG THE CONGOLESE MEETS THE ÉVOLUÉS—AND RECENT CANNIBALS

Seventeen university graduates—évolués—have been trying to run a nation a quarter Canada's size for a year. Here is how some of them act — and here, too, is an account of the reception their fierce countrymen gave a red-haired reporter

IT COMES AS A TERRIBLE humiliation for an old war correspondent to admit that covering the military campaigns of twenty years ago may not after all have been the most complicated and exacting journalistic assignment of his trade.

After a month in the Congo and, thus far, very brief stops in half a dozen other African countries, I must confess to a foolish yearning for the simplicity and order of the beaches of Normandy, the polders of Holland and the mountains and river gorges of Italy. In those times and places, it is true, you stood a much better chance of losing your life, but in these ones you stand a much better chance of losing your mind. The frustrations and contradictions and above all the uncertainties and the red tape and the delays used to be lumped under the single word *snafu*. Now the word that embraces them all is *Congo*. As a connoisseur of relative potencies I would rate *Congo* at about 90 over-proof compared to 90 underproof for *snafu*.

In the old real war, when two men started shooting at each other at least one of them had some idea why. Not so now. In those days there were maps to show who the enemy was and where he was and how numerous he was and there was similar information available about your friends. Not so now. There are at least nine main and three hundred minor tribal groups in the Congo, and there are roughly as

A MAN WITH FRECKLES AND A STETSON CAN'T FADE UNNOTICED INTO A VILLAGE

many languages and dialects. This being the kind of world it is — all over and not only in the Congo — it has become the thing to start throwing spears, rocks, bombs or anything else handy at anybody you don't understand or recognize. In the Congo and in most of the rest of Africa people have been living a long time and almost unbearably on the edge of suspicion and fear. A man like me, whose visible credentials are freckles and a Stetson hat should really not expect, perhaps to fade unnoticed into the mud villages of the Gombe, Bwaka and Mongo tribes. Therefore I forgive, without reservation, the fifty Gombe tribesmen who chased me (they on foot and I in a truck) out of a village between Libenge and Yakoma near the equator.

The tribal and racial hazards endemic here are however very minor compared to the administrative ones. It is hard to conceive that a botanical and zoological wilderness so vast as this could be surpassed by a parallel bureaucratic wilderness, but that is one of the things happening in the Congo. The Belgians pulled out in June and July 1960, leaving the Congolese with a total of seventeen university graduates and a handful of other *évolués*, bright young men, eager young men and willing young men, charged at an instant's notice with reorganizing and administering a nation a quarter as large as Canada in area and more than two-thirds as large in population. Even without the tribal wars and the political wars out here and the additional propaganda wars in the great underbrush of the United Nations in New York, their task would be very close to hopeless. Just the same many of them do try, and try astonishingly well.

I have met a number of these young New Africans. The most impressive of them is 30-year-old Albert Ndele, president of the national bank in the national capital of Léopoldville. He has the lithe good looks of a Sugar Ray Robinson or a Harry Bulafonte, an excellent mind and an almost saintly determination to forgive the sins of the past and forget the crimes done in the name of color.

There seemed, nevertheless, a certain fatal symbolism in the contrast between him and his surroundings. His office is on the second floor of the Central Bank Building, really a square balcony looking down a well into rows of desks and cages. All around the balcony and at the desks and cages below, his young assistants

DOLLARS PEGGED AT FIFTY FRANCS SELL FOR UP TO NINETY IN LÉOPOLDVILLE BARS

were toiling under slow, paddle-bladed electric fans to pin the country's drifting fiscal hulk to some sort of anchor. (In any saloon uptown it was still impossible for a white visitor to buy a drink without first being importuned by the bartender to sell him American dollars, pegged by the bank at fifty francs, for anything up to eighty-five or ninety.)

Outside Ndele's private office his young secretary examined my passport, my vaccination certificate, my air travel card and my local laissez-passer and then directed me to fill out another form explaining the reason for my visit. Then he explained that the president could not possibly receive visitors as he was with one of his key supervisers. After a further wait I explained again that I really did have a firm and explicit appoint- CONTINUED ON PAGE 57



Allen saw only ordinary goods here, but he documented reports that [illegible] sold upcountry

Enter two murderers

At 2 a.m. last February 10, a Winnipeg lawyer named Vaughan Baird was taken prisoner at gunpoint in his own home. His captors were two escaped convicts, one a psychopath, both unpredictable and violent. This is Baird's account of his all-night gamble for his life

AS TOLD TO RALPH HEDLIN

THE LIGHTS OF MY CAR reflected the bright red *Danger* sign as I turned into the driveway of my suburban home. This was nothing new. The highway engineers had put the sign there years before to warn of a dip in the road a hundred feet farther on and the lights always picked it up as I turned into my yard. I had no way of knowing that at two o'clock on this morning of February 10 the sign had a new and personal significance.

I was returning from a meeting of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Since the death of my mother some months before I had lived alone in the old family home on the bank of the Red River, seven miles south of downtown Winnipeg.

It was a cold night. After I parked the car in the breezeway by the back door I plugged it in, then walked into the porch and leaned down to pick up the paper. It wasn't there. The door wasn't locked either, but I supposed that I had forgotten to lock it when I left in the morning. I went down the hall from the kitchen past the dining room and into the living room without bothering to turn on a light. The moon and the street lights reflecting through the big windows on the river side flooded the house with soft illumination. I didn't even pause when I saw suitcases spread out in the living room. I assumed my brother had come in from Calgary and let himself in and when I was late had gone to bed. I was unbuttoning my coat as I turned into the bedroom.

Two shadowy figures were kneeling on the floor, drawers pulled open in front of them. Then a blinding flashlight shone in my eyes.

"What are you doing?" I asked. Neither man spoke. I turned and went into another bedroom where the telephone was. I snapped on the light, picked up the receiver and began to dial 999 for the police. Before I finished one of the men appeared in the doorway, poked a sawed-off shotgun at me.

"Drop it," he said. I set the receiver back in the cradle.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

"They were as scared as I was—scared enough to kill me with my own rifle. A psychiatrist has since told me that I made a life-saving decision though I made it on instinct. I decided that I must try to dominate these boys; I had to keep them talking."



Genius in hiding: DAVID MILNE

BY BARBARA MOON

DAVID BROWN MILNE, who died in the village of Bancroft, Ontario, just over seven years ago, was one of the most impressive artists Canada has ever produced. "You would call him a genius," said A. Y. Jackson recently. Milne painted in poverty and obscurity, but the few knowledgeable people who stumbled upon his work during his lifetime spotted its quality at once. Two Toronto art dealers with access to the pictures, Blair Laing and Douglas Duncan, both made large private collections; so did such canny and discriminating art patrons as the Right Hon. Vincent Massey and the late J. S. McLean. The organizers of the historic Armory Exhibition of 1913, which sprang modern French art on North America, thought Milne's work important enough to include in the small American section of the show. And at the time of his death Canadian water-colorists acknowledged him their master, and every major Canadian gallery had representative work.

Today a series of retrospective exhibitions has awakened the public at large to Milne's importance. An art book and a film about him are in preparation this year. Oils that he couldn't unload at twenty dollars in the Twenties are worth up to $5,000, small water colors may fetch $200 or more—and only two or three hundred pictures of any description are left in his estate from the thousands he painted. But Milne himself remains the least known and most enigmatic figure in the history of Canadian art.

For fifteen years of his life no one but his lawyer and his business agent even knew where he was; his mail went to an accommodation address in Toronto. Most of his friends now say they knew little about him personally and the scanty published accounts are studded with evasion, inconsistency and error. He was married after leaving art school in New York, but two years after his death at seventy-one a Canadian Press dispatch described him as a bachelor. Even today May Hegarty (Patsy) Milne, who was his wife and his constant support for more than twenty years, cannot find out where he is buried.

Anything that cost him anything more was out

Part of the obscurity was of Milne's own making. He married Patsy Milne in the U.S. and spent the first half of his painting life there. But he came to count as too expensive anything — clothes, comforts, food, a house, a friendship, a marriage — that cost him painting time, or his poise. So he returned to Canada and spent most of the rest of his life hiding in case Patsy ever tried to see him again. "I think he was afraid she'd burst in and explode what he'd built up here," says Douglas Duncan, Milne's friend and business agent in Canada. Even now Duncan, and others, remain obstinately secretive on Milne's behalf.

Some of the obscurity is posthumous. Correspondence, memoirs and records of the two parts of his life exist, but they are in different hands and even now, more than seven years after his death, neither the partisans of the first part nor the partisans of the second part have published their holdings or agreed to trade or collate them.

But, while people are alive who knew him, it is still possible to piece together some account of this strange and fascinating man who



Milne in 1946 at Uxbridge, Ont. Still life [illegible] of paints, artifacts



Milne built several studios. This was in Boston Corners, upstate New York

He was a humble artist, a Canadian artist whose painting [illegible] moral and fame, but he fought shy of people, and hid so successfully that his wife could not [illegible]. How [illegible] in private papers and [illegible] in the few people who knew him well, as the [illegible] David Milne's long exile in the wilderness [illegible]

FOR TWO OF MILNE'S PAINTINGS, SEE OVERLEAF



GRAND CONCOURSE, THE BRONX *This oil was done in 1915, the year Milne left New York City. It's valued at $2,000. White Poppy, opposite, is priced at $800*

DAVID MILNE *continued*

looked like a tanned squirrel in steel-rimmed glasses, who talked like a courtier, who lived with the thoughtless tyranny of a milord and to whom, quite simply, painting was the only thing that mattered.

When he was a young man in New York he warned Patsy Hegarty, his fiancee, "I would rather be dead than not paint." He meant it. They faced utter destitution one winter after they were married and a friend offered to get Milne a part-time job teaching art in New York City. Milne said coldly, "I paint all the time or not at all."

He painted winter and summer, indoors and out. James Clarke, a U.S. advertising artist and the only close friend of Milne's life, recalls accompanying him on one expedition when Milne painted nearly three hours standing at his easel in a foot of snow in freezing temperature. Clarke himself quit after an hour, too numbed to hold a brush or think.

On another occasion Milne, who was working in water colors, loaded his brush with water and stroked it across part of the painting to get a blurred effect. It was so cold that the water froze instantly, depositing its burden of pigment in frost patterns. (Milne accepted the collaboration and called the painting Mist and Frost Pattern.)

He painted whatever caught his eye: a patchwork quilt, a prebuild pattern of mountain and cloud, flowers thrust into a mixing bowl, an empty village house, a yellow sugarbag, lightning. He made economical freehand patterns of them, using black daringly but leaving whole areas blank to herd the eye toward the heart of the picture. He might set his palette with only three or four colors, but he combined them in strange and sophisticated harmonies. The result on canvas or paper was a thousand private moments of stunning visual lucidity. Critics described his work as "chamber music for the eye." Others claimed for his still-lifes "the bitter tang, the quick dry vitality of French vermouth," or praised "the powdery elegance" of his landscapes.



Patsy (here in 1910) helped support Milne, but finally he wandered off.

Toward the end of his life, working on wet paper, he achieved water colors so sheer and exquisite that a fellow artist, Paraskeva Clark, remarked at a gallery show, "The Milnes look as if they weren't done by human hands."

Milne would have been well pleased if everything else in his life could have been as refined and easy as the pictures. He liked music, books, stylish correspondence, salon discourse. He polished his own letters carefully before copying them on the best bond writing paper and sending them off. ("I expect he had an eye on posterity, of course," comments a friend.) He had a taste for sweets, fine suitings, good cigars and imported delicacies. Artist Carl Schaefer, who calls him "a real aristocrat," recalls a shopping spree at Eaton's when Milne, with a little money in his pocket, headed straight for the epicure shop. He had been living on bacon and beans in the wilderness, but now he bought tinned lobster, smoked oysters, cheese, Kippers? "Oh yes, I should have kippers," said Milne briskly. "I'll take eight pairs."

He got on well with connoisseurs, a few artists and most rustics, for they neither bored nor offended him. He wasn't a fellow that you'd question," says Alvin Bible, a farmer from Palgrave, Ont., where Milne painted. "He'd tell you what he wanted you to know."

As for most other company, Milne suffered it in silence—or not at all. In Boston Corner, a village in upstate New York where he lived for several years, the Milnes were known, doubtfully, as "nice people—but they don't stay long." Some years later, when the management of a Lake Placid ski resort offered to show his paintings in the lounge, Milne turned the offer down. He'd had little chance to exhibit for more than a decade, but "They're not really interested in art," he said curtly.

He could not stand gaucherie or upset. Patsy Milne recalls commuting some conversational gaffe at a gathering in Boston Corner. Milne hurried their departure and, as soon as they got outside, said cuttingly, "I do not like to be embarrassed in front of people." At Lake Placid, where they spent several winters running a way-station for skiers, Milne particularly disliked the confusion of the periodic jumping meets: he would toast white loaves of bread ahead of time and make gallons of cocoa so there'd be no need to call him later to help deal with the crowds. "He'd do anything to avoid any kind of scene," adds Mrs. Milne.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

WHITE POPPY *Milne is best known for his water colors. In this 1946 work, he used the vase and dish that also appear on page 15 in the painting on the easel.*





Last year close to 100,000 U S conscripts their average age 23 went into camp looking like this

What peacetime conscription is doing to the U.S.

By July 1, 1963, the U. S must renew its compulsory military service act — probably permanently — or abandon it. The Pentagon brass wants to keep it. Not all the boys who lose a two-year bite out of their lives want to scrap it. The rest of the U. S. is bitterly divided. Our Washington editor tells why





They came out of stores looking like this earning $83.20 a month and facing two years training

By Ian Sclanders

A CANADIAN YOUTH graduating from high school in June may be weighed down by such important problems as whether to go to college or find a job and whether to wed soon or wait until he has a bankroll. But at least he won't have to make one agonizing decision that must be made by his counterpart south of the international boundary line: whether to enlist and get it over with, wait to be drafted or deliberately prepare for an occupation that will enable him to avoid military service.

The American has to decide this because although Canadians seldom stop to realize it, the United States subordinating a traditional dislike for nonpulsion to the demands of the Pentagon brass is the last English-speaking country with peacetime conscription.

Every teen-aged male in the U S is acutely aware that his government is waiting to take a two-year bite out of his life. The prospect hangs over him heavily, coloring his thinking, complicating his planning, exerting pressures on his career.

He talks about it as much as he talks about girls, automobiles and baseball — and he often does so in words that reflect bewilderment and anger. He usually believes, from what he has read and heard, that the next war will be fought with guided atomic missiles launched by pushbuttons across oceans and mountains to lay whole nations in waste within minutes. "What use will soldiers be in that kind of war?" he asks. "If the army really needed me, I wouldn't mind, but it doesn't.

His bewilderment, his anger are led by the knowledge that military leaders, educationists, clergymen, sociologists and economists, sixteen years after World War II and eight years after the Korean War, are still hotly disputing among themselves the question of whether compulsory service is good or bad for the United States and justified or unjustified.

The view that has prevailed, and has led to repeated extensions of selective service legislation, is that of the chiefs of staff, who have convinced a congressional majority that the U S must keep a minimum of 2,500,000 men under arms and can't do it without conscription. In support of conscription, they can point out that when it was suspended from March 1947 to June 1948, and they depended on voluntary enlistments, the strength of the armed forces dropped rapidly. They can also point out that 2,500,000 in the forces means one person in uniform out of each seventy-two in the entire U S population of 180,000,000 — a ratio too high to be maintained in peacetime without compulsion. The ratio in Canada is one in a hundred and fifty.

But even some of the military men oppose conscription. Some say that a man can't be properly trained for modern warfare in two years, and that U S expenditures on training conscripts are thus wasteful. Others say conscription ties up the professional forces with training and housekeeping duties. They contend that the defense organization would be less of a burden on taxpayers if it were smaller and more carefully selected.

Although civilian wage scales in the U S. are the world's highest, the basic pay of a U S. recruit, after four months of training, is a mere $83.20 a month. This is less than the weekly wage of a factory hand. In Canada, the basic military pay is $115 a month.

THE FORCES NEED HALF THE U S.'S 18-YEAR-OLDS

In Australia, if you accept the pound at its face value, rather than its value in U S. or Canadian funds, the basic pay of a private approximates $40 a week and in Britain, by the same standard, it's around $33 a week.

Canada, Australia and Britain all have a brisk re-enlistment rate. So does New Zealand, though army pay there is poorer than in the sister Commonwealth countries. In the United States the re-enlistment rate is low, particularly among men who were drafted, so that the armed forces require 500,000 to 600,000 new men a year to stay at 2,500,000. That number is the equivalent of half the U S. males who reach the age of eighteen annually.

Canada holds its military strength at 120,000 with an average of 13,000 new men a year — the equivalent of a ninth of the Canadian males reaching eighteen. If the Canadian forces had the same turnover as those of the U S. they'd have to have 25,000 new men a year.

More and more will be said about conscription in Washington CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

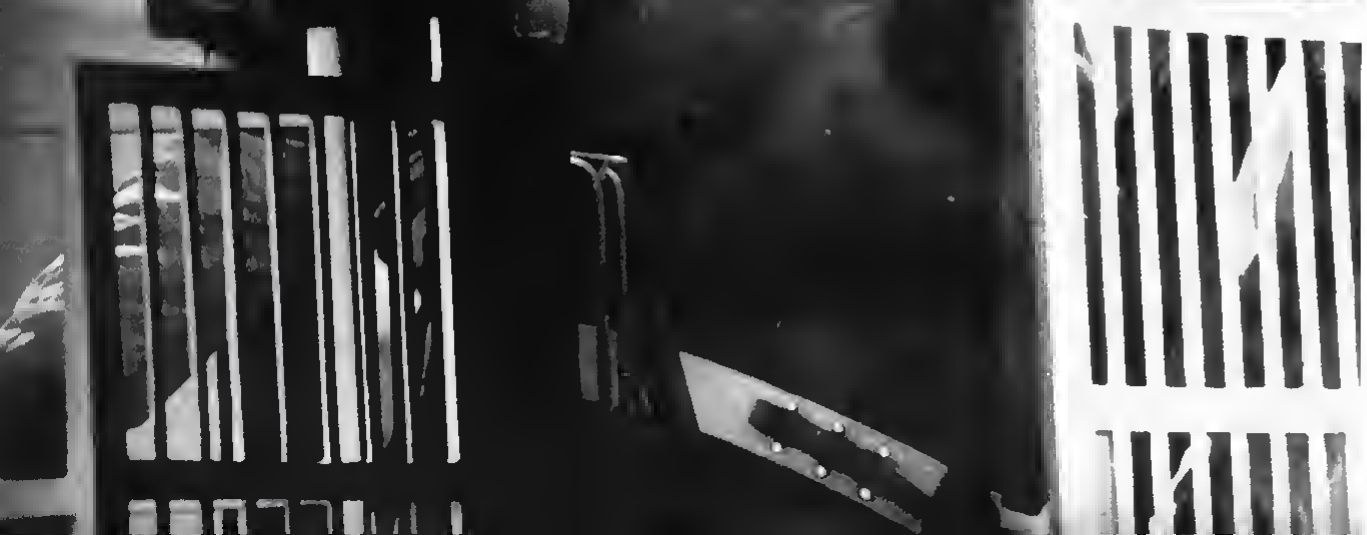
A new kind of camera photographs the HORSEBACK VIEW OF A JOCKEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS



THIS IS A PICTURE of Hugo Dittlach at work as only other jockeys usually see him: teeth clenched, crop poised, gloved hands tight on the reins, his lithe, steely 104-pound body balanced in the stirrups to control a thousand pounds of thoroughbred going 40 miles an hour. It was taken by Maclean's photo editor Don Newlands from the infield at Ontario's Fort Erie track, with a new kind of lens that zooms in on a fast-moving target like a bombsight and a new kind of electric trigger that fires the camera five times every second. This spring, Dittlach, who is 24 and an ex-dishwasher, worked more often than any other jockey in Canada. Though Fort Erie's track was a foot deep in mud — so dangerous that one jockey, the promising 20-year-old Charlie Belland, was thrown violently against a post when his horse fell and fatally injured — Dittlach rode six, seven, sometimes eight horses a day. He won 44 races — more than twice as many as his closest rival. On the next two pages, Newlands and his camera show what he looked like from the next saddle while he did it.





HORSEBACK VIEW
continued





The secret of Ringo Dittlinch's success is simply that he works hard. Though he's the country's leading jockey he's up at dawn every day to gallop horses. This spring, in Fort Price's mud, the extra work paid off. Dittlach found the track was firmer next the rail all the way around and for the first couple of weeks he hugged it while other horses floundered trying to pass him. Then a newspaperman interviewed him and wrote about "Dittlach's ditch." For the rest of the meet the inside track was in the public domain. The mud didn't scare Dittlach, who likes to ride horses as much as most men like to win bets on them, and all he did to allow for it was to hold tight on the reigns. "On a fast track," he says, "you often let them run. In the slop you have to keep their heads up. When they start to lull, you pick them up by the mouth and hold them."

Racing's most dangerous moment: a colt rears in the gate

Inside the starting gate a frisky two-year-old can be as lethal as a panther—and what looks from the stands like an easy routine can be for the jockey a tense and dangerous moment. Don Newlands's camera was clicking when a colt named Flower Drum threw Dittlinch then lashed at him with his hoof. Flower Drum was scratched. Dittlach wasn't. He hitched a ride back to the paddock with a lead pony and rode three more races that day, winning two of them. Later in the jockeys' room, while his valet buzzed around him, Dittlach said, "I'm tough. I have to be." Then he stuck a Racing Form in his pocket, got into his convertible and went home to sleep.

— PETER GZOWSKI





Bobby, 18, helps farmer Ross Pringle (above) with chores; Mrs. George Pringle (below), a sister-in-law, boards the boy and a second patient, aged 59.



FOSTER FAMILIES TEACH SANITY TO THE MENTALLY ILL

Schizophrenics with little to gain from hospital care have made "startling" progress just by living in ordinary homes. Now the farmers of Huntingdon County, P.Q., are raising healthy minds from ill ones by letting their sick boarders behave like normal people

BY ANNE MACDERMOT

"I'VE NEVER HAD an empty house," said Mrs. Pringle. "I don't know what it would be like." Watching her pour cups of coffee for a kitchen full of people, it was possible to see how this farm wife with her infectious laugh and unbossy common sense has nursed back to health two of the most severe cases of schizophrenic breakdown ever released for rehabilitation by the Verdun Protestant Hospital of Montreal.

The George Pringle household is one of forty in the Montreal area that belong to the hospital's program of home care. By applying provincial grants — which would otherwise care for patients on the wards — toward food and lodging with suitable foster families, the hospital has placed sixty patients on home care. The first to be discharged were people suffering from long-term illnesses who were not expected to make much further progress, who had no home of their own where they could be properly cared for, but who might be happier in a home setting. Their startling improvement led the hospital to try home care as a halfway treatment for patients who stood a good chance of complete recovery.

Some are patients whose families are willing and able to care for them, but the hospital authorities believe that a stay in a "neutral" home environment may help them prepare for a return to family life which may have contributed to their mental problems in the first place. The results have justified the hospital's hopes. Some of the most encouraging results have come from the farm families.

Mrs. Pringle does not consider it nursing. "I don't really know very much about sickness," she says. "We never had much in the family only children's diseases." But the hospital has watched with astonishment as first a stubborn and deluded Scot has worked his way back to recovery on the Pringle farm, and more recently an explosive teenager has come down to earth in the new setting and started to work around the farm. Both had been taken to Verdun with schizophrenia, the commonest and most severe form of acute mental illness. They had gone about as far as they could go with hospital treatment.

The home they went to is a farm in the lovely settled land of Huntingdon County, forty-odd miles southwest of Montreal. The Pringle homestead is typical of the district. A red brick house stands at the head of a long avenue that runs back from the road. Two rows of snarled poplars line the driveway. Behind are the silver barns and silo. The rich farmland throughout the district was settled six generations ago by farmers out from Scotland and United Empire Loyalists who followed the Chateauguay River into Canada.

The Pringles have four hundred acres which they farm with a Pringle brother, Ross, who lives at the far end of the farm. There are two sons. One lives in Huntingdon and spends some time on the farm. The other lives in Calgary. Mrs. Pringle misses her grandchildren.

She always had a houseful when the boys were young, she says. If they didn't have their cousins staying or the house three there were the boys who came to work during the summers. She even took in a foster brother and sister for a number of years.

"When I was asked to take a mental patient I said all right, but I never thought we'd keep her more than about four months," she says. "But it's not like a boarder or paying guest. These ones have no interests of their own and so they get interested in ours. Funny, and you've got to consider them one of the family. Well this one seemed to fit in all right. He used my husband's always talking hockey. He's been here three years now, and if I tried to get rid of him everybody'd howl me down."

The Scotsman was at home cleaning his brushes after a small paint job on the cellar stairs. Erect, blue-eyed, he looked the picture of health. He had spent five years under observation at Verdun.

The Pringles were the fourth family in Huntingdon to take a CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



McKenzie Porter on TRAVEL AGENTS

If you're bored with Paris, they'll send you to a muleteer's bunkhouse in the Khyber Pass—but the smart people are summing this season on the Indian Ocean. For people who don't know what's smart this season, here's Porter

DURING THE PAST THIRTY YEARS I have nodded to the natives of twenty-seven countries without handing them a penny of my own money. As an itinerant journalist I wring all my travel costs from the pockets of anguished publishers. My wife will tell you that when finally I made up my mind to accompany her on a Monte Carlo honeymoon I took my typewriter too explaining: "Somebody's got to pay for all this." Nowadays my idea of a holiday is three days of coma in bed, four days of yawning on the sitting-room sofa and seven days of worm watching in a quiet back yard.

Quite clearly, therefore, I am no man to write lyrically about travel agents. Until recently, indeed, I couldn't understand why travel agents existed. Not once in my peregrinations from Basutoland to Baffinland and from the Crimea to the Caribou have I sought a travel agent's assistance. It appears, however, that most of my fellow men rely for every service they require when romping about the world on these rode-fatigable go-betweens.

All travel agents owe their techniques to Thomas Cook, an artful English evangelist who founded the world's most far-flung tourist business in 1841 when he chartered a special train to take a plague of teetotallers to a Leicestershire temperance meeting.

Thousands of entrepreneurs throughout the world are now offering their own variations of the Cook's Tour. In Canada, where outgoing tourists here increased their postwar squanderings from three hundred million dollars to six hundred million dollars annually, the number of travel agents has risen from fewer than a hundred to more than five hundred. Men and women have swarmed into the profession from shopkeeping, innkeeping, insurance, real estate, banking, law, the civil service and every other cuff-and-collar job approved by suburban society.

The rate at which the travel business has burgeoned even in smaller cities is illustrated by the record of Don Kennedy, a one-time accountant who quit his job CONTINUED ON PAGE 41





SEARCHING for the Berlin they knew in the 30s Ken and Elizabeth Johnstone climb from the U-bahn tube in East Berlin to find the place where he had stayed during his first visit. It had disappeared

RETURN TO BERLIN

The last time the Johnstones saw Berlin, they escaped one jump ahead of the Gestapo. This time, they thought they might have to stay one jump ahead of the Red police. But it wasn't like that

By KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL MCBRIDE

GREAT CITIES I thought are like the women in your life. Toronto was the girl next door: pretty but too near and too familiar from childhood to have any mystery or romance for me. Montreal was that alluring and rather wicked creature in the next block my mother wouldn't let me go near. Her New York was the husky-voiced, immensely talented and beautiful actress I met on an incurable dipsomaniac destined for suicide. She frightened me. London was a most respectable though rather dowdy girl of good family whom my mother wanted me to marry but she couldn't cook. Paris was the vivacious brunette I met at a cocktail party: we really had a ball that night. Then there was Berlin. Berlin was a girl I took to a political rally in the days when I thought I could help right all the world's wrongs. She was quiet-wise, with a cool blonde beauty, and there was an atmosphere of mystery and tragedy about her. Now I am old and respectable and tired and married to Montreal, but the thought of meeting Berlin again made my pulse quicken and stirred the blood once more in my veins.

A solicitous steward refilled my champagne glass and told me that our flight from Montreal would be arriving at Düsseldorf in half an hour. There I was to meet Elizabeth, my real-life wife, and together we would fly on to Berlin for our first visit there since 1938.

Berlin was my lady of tragedy—all right. Since World War I that unhappy city has plunged from crisis to calamity and back: the near-revolutions and bankruptcy of the early Twenties; the bitter internal warfare of the Socialists and Communists on the left that allowed Hitler finally to triumph over his numerically superior foes; then the regimentation and terrorism of the Thirties leading inevitably to the holocaust of World War II that brought the Hitler regime tumbling down in flames and left a shattered and divided city. Sixteen years later, still under the jurisdiction of its conquerors.

For both Elizabeth and me the return was crowded with old memories. She was a gangling long-legged youngster from Hamburg who had come to study ballet and make her debut as a dancer—and just about the same time in 1935 I had made my own stumbling debut as a journalist by getting beaten up by the Nazis and selling an article to the Toronto Daily Star on the strength of that dubious distinction. Then, three years later, we went back together as a writing-interviewing team and got the scare of our lives in the process.

THE NAMES ARE OLD, THE PLACES NEW

The "No Smoking-Fasten Safety Belts" light came on for our landing at Düsseldorf and I returned abruptly to the present. Elizabeth was waiting for me at the airport; she had already booked our flights to Berlin and later that evening we resumed our journey together. In little more than an hour—it seemed—we were circling for our landing at Tempelhof. It was past midnight but we could easily distinguish divided Berlin: West Berlin gleamed and winked with glowing moving lights beneath us while beyond and sharply contrasting East Berlin slumbered like a tired workman with barely a light showing.

From the moment of our arrival we began a futile struggle to establish a physical contact with the Berlin we both remembered. We had made a reservation at a modest hotel in Fasanenstrasse just off Kurfürstendamm, the Broadway of Berlin that is affectionately called Ku-damm by Berliners. Driving in from the airport and later walking along Ku-damm we were impressed by all the activity: night and day people seemed to be rushing around or whizzing along in small German cars but the old Ku-damm that we knew was gone. The only landmark we recognized was the shattered steeple of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, brooding at one end of the street, an impressive memorial to World War II. We saw familiar names too: like Hotel am Zoo and Kranzler's and Kempinski's Hotel, but they adorned new buildings in different locations. This was particularly baffling to us as Elizabeth had lived for two years in a pension on Ku-damm and later in 1938 we had stayed at a hotel somewhat similar to the one we were now registered in. The old place had vanished. We had only the memory, but that was still vivid.

We had been doing a series of undercover interviews around Germany not staying more than a day in any city and mailing the copy each night to my editor's home address in London. To avoid official attention I had registered as a student in the hotels where we stayed and that had worked fine until we reached Berlin. We stayed several days in Berlin, interviewing contacts given to us by my wife's father, a professor of religious philosophy in Hamburg who had already incurred the enmity of the regime for his outspoken criticism of Hitler's religious policies. We had just returned from one of these interviews, conducted in great secrecy, to find the hotelkeeper highly agitated.

"The police have been there," she told us, "and Herr Johnstone must report to the police station at once and bring his passport with him."

This was glum news: my passport identified me as a journalist. Elizabeth reacted with authority. She picked up the phone and called the police station and told them: "Herr Johnstone will come to the police station as soon as he has finished his interview with Dr. Goebbels." Goebbels was Hitler's minister of propaganda.

The police hastily assured her that there was no rush. They didn't want to get Goebbels on their neck for pestering his foreign friend. So we packed and fled and didn't stop driving till we crossed the French frontier.

But the new Ku-damm seemed modern and prosperous, with the windows bulging with goods that according to Elizabeth were substantially cheaper than in the rest of West Germany. This, I learned, is a result of the considerable subsidy West Berlin receives from both the United States and West Germany. The idea, apparently, is to help make East Berliners unhappy with their lot when they see how cheap and plentiful things are in the West. But the most obvious sights that caught my eye on Ku-damm were the marquees of two rival movie houses. The first advertised Marilyn Monroe in one of her numerous epics and the other flaunted the formidable bosom of her arch-rival Jayne Mansfield in another great movie. The American dream had reached West Berlin.



FINDING a theatre where Elizabeth performed as a teenaged dancer, they relive past glory with an attendant who's been in the cloakroom for 30 years. The theatre had changed: it's now a variety house.

THE LINDENS SEEM INADEQUATE

Yet I couldn't get any feeling of being back in Berlin. I was thinking of Berlin in 1938 with uniforms of every shade everywhere and an atmosphere of tension wherever you went. Nobody relaxed, nobody smiled. I had expected the same thing in the divided city—living as it does under the constant threat of a military adventure from either side. But along the Ku-damm you simply got the feeling of a prosperous people enjoying themselves for all they were worth.

Nor did life in East Berlin measure up to the tension that we remembered in Hitler's Berlin. We crossed into the zone without incident. Nobody even asked to see my passport as we stopped at a control point near Brandenburger Tor. On Friedrichstrasse we walked down toward the S-bahn station. It was a dismal sight. Just beyond the buildings that had been restored and repaired were the shells of other buildings, great colonnaded churches and former government structures. The lower parts were boarded up, above them vacant windows gaped and young trees sprouted out of roofless peaks. Dali could have painted it: the desolate ruin of another world, and it gave us a queer sensation of being back in time. The once-elegant Unter den Linden, whose gracious linden trees were razed by Hitler, was now lined with fresh young ones but they seemed puny and inadequate, and that unique atmosphere seemed gone forever. Only a portion remained of the famous Adlon Hotel and nobody seemed to be patronizing it.

What we were seeking on Friedrichstrasse was the place where I had stayed on my first visit in 1935. We never found it.

I had gone to Germany as a neophyte journalist hoping to break into print by finding something to write about in the land of the Nazis but having only a tenuous connection through London CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



REMEMBERING ruins as they once were, they find the old government quarter of East Berlin a dismal sight. Shrubs sprout from the rubble and shells. It gave us the queer sensation of being back in time.

BERLIN *continued*



BUS TOUR. Sightseeing in bulk, often the Johnstones find the West zone spieler biased against the East.



BOOK BROWSE. On Friedrichstrasse in the East zone the beautiful books for children appeal to Elizabeth.



CURIO HUNT. West Berlin prices, they learn, are lower than those in West Germany proper because of subsidies.



NIGHT PROWL. Berlin, says Johnstone, is like a woman in the care of psychiatrists who disagree on treatment.

correspondent Matt Halton with my lone possible market the Toronto Star. I was traveling on a slim budget, as was my traveling companion, poet, novelist, professor Earle Birney. If you stayed a week in Germany you got a forty percent reduction in your train fare, and we had carefully calculated that the saving would just pay for our food and lodging in Berlin, provided we could find a cheap room.

We found one all right at one mark a night, a huge ornate room with a great canopied double bed. We often wondered why we never saw any other roomers during the day, though there was a good deal of activity at night: people pattering through the halls, smothered giggles, sometimes boisterous laughter. Only when we got back to London did I learn that we had rented a room in one of Berlin's better-known bordellos.

But that seemed a trifling matter compared to other things that had happened to us. The first night Earle had got a single ticket to hear Hitler at a party rally, and since my German was limited practically to "ja" and "nein," it was agreed that he should use the ticket. But Earle, a cautious soul, entrusted all our German funds to me, since there might be pickpockets in the crowd. He went off to the meeting and I stayed in the room getting bored. Then music from down the street filtered in and I sallied forth and soon found myself in a cellar café surrounded by music, wine, and two girls. They started ordering things: drinks, chocolates, flowers, stuffed animals. I kept repeating my one German sentence, "Ich habe kein geld" (I have no money), but they ignored my feeble protests and when the money did finally run out they started to pull each other's hair and I fled the place, not even stopping to retrieve my good London raincoat. Earle found me later huddled in our room and lamenting the lost geld. He recovered my raincoat. Then we collected the few pfennigs that had escaped the harpies and next morning we invested these and some loose change that Earle still had in a large loaf of bread, a gallon of beer, a piece of gorgonzola cheese for me and a piece of limburger for Birney. During the next five days, until our week was up, we lived on that diet. By the weekend my gorgonzola would practically hop on the bread at a word of command.

IN PLACE OF VICE, DRABNESS

Finally our last day came. We decided to walk through the working-class Wedding district, where Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the Lenin and Trotsky of Germany, had been murdered by the militarists in 1919.

It was a drizzly Sunday morning and I was not surprised that the streets were deserted. But I was mystified when I heard the music of an approaching band and the blinds on the windows still stayed down. It was the black-uniformed Schutzstaffel, Hitler's elite. We learned later that such marches were staged deliberately through the district to provoke signs of opposition, which were then brutally crushed.

Suddenly we were in the middle of a sea of flailing fists. I got one crack on the nose that brought the blood gushing, and another that rapidly closed my left eye before I could start cursing and fighting back. As soon as our attackers heard our obviously non-German voices they vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. We were left in the company of a sympathetic Red Cross nurse (she accompanied such parades customarily to take care of similar mistakes) and two embarrassed policemen, who took us to the nearest police station, where we heatedly demanded apologies. The police generously offered to produce the culprits (they were known, since it was their job to beat up non-saluters) and let us each take a free punch at each of them—an offer we rejected.

Eventually it ended with an official apology from the government a year later. Meanwhile Matt Halton had put our experiences on the front page of the Toronto Star and I had received my first assignment from that paper—to write a story on the German economy. I didn't say anything about the price of cheese.

The Friedrichstrasse of my memory had vanished and with it the ladies of easy virtue I hadn't been able to identify at that time. The street seemed sedate and respectable and the people seemed not nearly so drab as West Berlin propaganda had led me to expect.

SULLIVAN WOULD WEEP WITH ENVY

We kept seeking some physical identification with the Berlin of 1935. In the West Zone we visited the site of the popular Scala Theatre. In its place was a beatnik joint called New Orleans. Inside were a dozen couples, scant-bearded boys and lank-haired girls, dancing to jazz. On the tables were Coca-Cola bottles. It all looked so sinister and wicked, and it was all so pathetically innocent. We walked back to the hotel. Just off Ku'damm we saw a couple of ladies of pleasure — the only ones we noticed.

It was in the East zone finally that Elizabeth achieved one identification. We had gone to the Friedrichstadt Palast, a huge variety house, to see the show there. As soon as we got inside the lobby, Elizabeth began to act like someone waking up from a dream. "I know this place," she kept muttering. Then she went over and spoke to a jolly looking woman at the checking counter. "Is this where the Max Reinhardt productions used to be staged?" she asked. The woman said yes, it was. Elizabeth beamed. "I used to dance in them," she explained.

The woman beamed back. "Which ones?"

Elizabeth recalled Tales of Hoffmann and The Student Prince, and the woman beamed even more. She had worked in the cloakroom since the early Thirties. But Elizabeth was still puzzled. She didn't recognize the entrance.

"Why would you?" the woman said. "You always came in by the stage door." They laughed, and the other attendants joined in. For a few moments everyone was warm in the glow of old days commonly remembered.

Then we went to our seats and saw a first-class show, with a dazzling succession of acrobats, tumblers, jugglers, magicians, animal acts, clowns, comedians, singers, a line of thirty dancers and a water ballet of a dozen girls who performed right in the middle of the audience. Ed Sullivan would have wept with envy.

But the cloakroom encounter was the first in a series of small incidents that re-established our contact with a Berlin we had loved. There was the taxi driver who told us when we asked how the weather had been, "It rained only once—from Monday to Saturday." And the waitress at the little sidewalk café on Wittenbergplatz who greeted us like old friends on our second visit there and warned us against the eisbein that day (the sauerbraten, on the other hand, was at its peak). Finally, there was the afternoon tea with Dr. Anne-Marie Durand Wever, a fine-boned lady in her seventies whose home is the sole remaining remnant of a bombed-out block.

Shortly after that tea we left Berlin. Elizabeth went to Hamburg to visit her parents and I boarded my plane at Dusseldorf. I was not long aloft when the same steward showed up with a fresh glass of chilled champagne.

I had found my old love. She was under the care of rival psychiatrists who agreed in their diagnosis of her case as schizophrenia but who prescribed contradictory courses of treatment for her cure. I'm no doctor, but it seemed to me that she was quite sane and healthy. It was the doctors who worried me.

I accepted another glass of champagne and braced myself for a return to domestic bliss. ★

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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

("all those tiny stones") and the perils of inadequate sanitation.

In addition their ranch-style home is fitted from top to bottom with Canadian appliances — stove, refrigerator, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, central heating, clock radio, electric coffee pot and electric blankets — all of them conversation pieces to trap the unwary into damning comparison between Canada's good life and the unserviced wilds of overseas.

As one Britisher laconically remarked: "It's a wonder they don't import Joneses to keep up with."

At the other extreme a few would be those varied individuals who exemplify the Canadian Gone Native. Perhaps it's a reflection of national irrepressibility, but whatever the reason they never quite pull it off.

On Fleet Street (with a quality newspaper of course) there's a Canadian who arrives at work each morning decked out as a caricature of an Englishman — bowler hat, Savile Row suit, tightly furled umbrella, regimental tie and gleaming shoes from Lobb's. The trouble is that he can't rid himself of the habit of using "you guys" and assorted other Canadian colloquialisms in his conversation, and in a relic of his Montreal past he wears his Establishment gear while driving a motor scooter.

They're never-never men

More romantic, perhaps, are the Canadians Gone Native who assume violent local color. In London's sporty Soho district there's one prize example who works as a clerk in a bookshop that specializes in pornography. Clad in regionally accurate uniform of sharp Italian-cut suit with red and white striped shirt, dagger-pointed shoes and too-small Tyrolean hat, he roams his manor, a proclaimed Canadian with a colored girl friend on his arm (she speaks with a Cockney accent) a packet or two of marijuana in his pocket and a bushy black beard for inflective stroking.

But for all his half-world oddity this character shares with his Savile Row brother the same peculiar ineffectiveness. Both end up in their adopted communities as never-never men — slightly less pathetic than a Westernized Oriental Gunga Din but never really absorbed for all their local argot and assimilated garb. Inevitably they stand as "those Canadians"—rather odd, but representative of outsiders that amuse.

Finally, there would be those involved in the finding of certain problems of a specially Canadian nature.

Europe, for instance, would be relieved of the problem of our national sport. From Stockholm to Rome, from Hamburg to Moscow, incredulous sports buffs would cease shaking their heads over the behavior of our hockey stalwarts on and off the ice. The gently liberal Guardian of Manchester explained this problem recently in an article reporting the death of professional hockey in Britain with Canadian players.

"The game never had far to decline in fact before it died," says the Guardian. "It failed to appeal to the average British sports enthusiast who goes to the football matches in the winter and watches cricket in the summer.

"Some believe that this is because the British spectator has some ethical judgment when he watches a game. A crowd which sees a footballer ordered off the field for foul play will feel he has disgraced not only himself but also his team. The Football Association will think poorly of a habitual offender and may well suspend him. But to be ordered into the penalty box during an ice hockey match was nothing unusual to most players. Their only fault was to break the rules when the umpire was watching.

"It is probable that many British people were genuinely shocked by the violent and foul play. Umpires seemed to have been heated before the game began. To push a member of the opposition over the barricade into the spectators was smart, rather than wicked, work. A particularly subtle weapon of the rule which forbids one to lift the stick above one's shoulder was to have about an inch of the handle protruding above one's glove. This enabled any player to hit another on the chin with the top of the stick without lifting it above the shoulder level.

"Sometimes when a member of the team was hit like this his colleagues would fly to his aid. Sticks would be thrown to the ground and a fist fight — on occasions aided by the coach's shouts of encouragement — would break out. More than once an ump in who tried to intervene was set on by both sides."

Small wonder that Canada's representatives in world tourneys won not only titles but epic choruses of boos and whistles.

Of course, many of all the qualities attributed to Canadians could be said to be common to tourists, businessmen and travelers from other lands — including the United States. But with Canadians apparently they are compounded by a special sauce. We, are say the foreigners, afflicted with two grievous traits: vitality and superiority.

"You've all that damned vitality," an Englishman of unusually quiet manner exploded the other day. "All the time and far more than the Americans, you've got that fresh approach — doing, doing, doing things. Makes a man tired just to watch.

"And you always claim or imply a claim to that special position. You're contemptuous of the Americans — more anti-American than anyone else really — because you're in the Commonwealth. Yet at the same time you're terribly big about your position in the Commonwealth because of your American efficiency and know how. It's a bit much at times."

You see, we all know that Canadians are modest, lovable, kind-hearted, well-intentioned, talented, ingenious, imaginative, perceptive and sensitive individuals — the salt of the earth. The trouble is that we express these admirable qualities in our own distinctive ways.

So we should stay home. ★

Scallop Shell on the ocean floor▶

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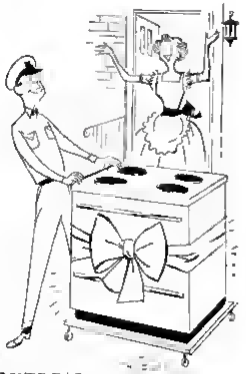
PARADE

The outsiders

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Enter two murderers continued from page 14

The man with the gun was quite young. I found later that he was eighteen and that his name was Stanley Cameron. Now all I knew was that he was short, pimply faced and his hair was brush-cut. But mostly I was aware that he kept a gun pointed at me—a single-shot 12 gauge Ithaca that looked familiar to me except that the barrel and butt had been sawed off short to make an ugly pistol out of it.

He jerked the gun barrel in the direction of the living room and made hard pokes at me with the gun as I passed him in the doorway. The other man—his name turned out to be George Bartlett and he was twenty-two—was standing in the living room. He was about the same height and build as Cameron—fleshy faced, dull eyed, dark complexioned, also brush cut and also armed with a sawed-off gun.

I sat down on the couch and the two men stood shoulder to shoulder a few feet in front of me with their guns pointed at me.

I began to laugh, perhaps a little hysterically.

"This is ridiculous," I told them.

Bartlett began to jabber. "What did you want to go coming in for anyway?"

I suddenly realized they had expected no one to come, that night. I also realized that I was as unwelcome to them as they were to me.

Cameron spoke. "We were scared. When we heard you come in we were scared," and with a strangely boyish curiosity he wanted to know what I thought when I found them in my house. I didn't give him the satisfaction of telling him I was frightened. "I was just mad and I still am. I think what you've done to my house. Drapes pulled down, drawers dumped—I'm just mad."

I was trying to assess the situation. I sensed what I later found from court reports. As it turned out, Bartlett was a subnormal epileptic, a psychopath subject to severe temper storms and violent unpredictable behavior especially after even a little alcohol. Cameron had been in earlier trouble for beating up and leaving for dead a victim he thought could identify him. My feeling that I should take these boys seriously proved to be well grounded.

A psychiatrist has told me since that I made a life-saving decision at this time though I operated from instinct. I decided that I must try to dominate these boys and that to do so I must keep them talking. The more we talked the more I would become an individual to them and the less likely they would be to become violent.

Right now, violence was in the air. Empty beer bottles were scattered around and I assumed the boys had drunk enough to make them dangerous. But they were indecisive and didn't know what to do. The pockets of their jackets bulged with shotgun shells and extra boxes were lying in the open suitcases on the floor. But in spite of the guns and shells they shifted from foot to foot in front of me and wondered aloud what they ought to do now.

I talked. I asked them about themselves and they answered my questions. I asked them where they were going and what they were going to do. I told them they didn't dare leave the house with sawed-off guns or they'd be in real trouble. I told them they couldn't benefit from what they were doing. I told them I was a barrister and an officer of the court and that they'd be hounded to the ends of the earth for molesting such an officer. They didn't realize that they was bluff, that all barristers are officers of the court, beaver. Bartlett glanced at his companion and muttered. I thought we'd hit something like that.

I had come in at two o'clock and the talking had taken up half an hour. At

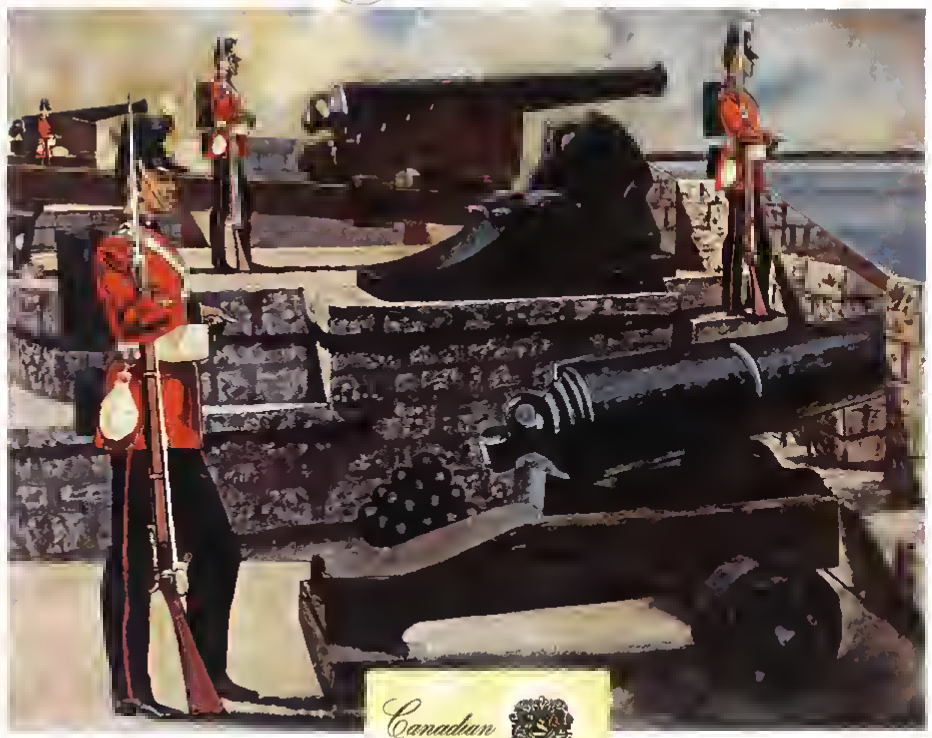
Continued on page 34

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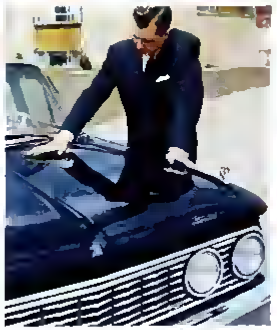
1961 Ford Falcon Four Door Sedan —one of Ford of Canada's fine cars, built in Canada

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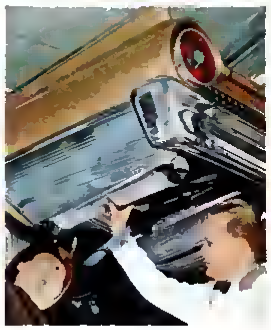
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2.30 Cameron ordered Bartlett to guard me and he went back to packing my suitcases. Already my suits, coats, sweaters, silverware, tie pins, cufflinks and silver knick knacks from the living room were in the cases and now Cameron came in with an armful of canned goods. "Might need some grub on the road to Montreal," he said, dumped it into the case and went on into the study.

I followed him in. "Don't touch those diving trophies. They mean a lot to me and you know you can't sell them." I said and Cameron said "OK." I went back and sat on the chesterfield and Cameron went on with his rifling. He went through the two bedrooms, the blue basement living room and dining room and kitchen. He turned the house out from one end to the other.

In the meantime I got Bartlett talking. I wanted to find out as much as I could about the boys and I didn't believe Bartlett would interrupt his own narrative to do anything violent. He told me they'd both hiked in from Edmonton and were on their way to Montreal. They had been dropped off west of Winnipeg and walked the perimeter road that one takes the city. After some twenty miles of walking they had seen my house a few hundred yards from the road and seeing no lights they'd gone over to investigate. They had simply pried the lock on the back door.

He said they'd come in at about eight o'clock and I asked what they'd been doing since then.

"We got something to eat," said Bartlett. They had taken a ham, canned goods and bread to a room in the basement, blacked out the windows with towels and lighted some Christmas candles they had found. "We got a bottle of wine and Stanley pried the cork out of it, but I spat it out and he didn't like it either. Do you drink that stuff?" I assured him I did. It was Liebfraumilch.

Cameron came through the room, gun in hand. He stopped and listened, then said to Bartlett, "Put a head in him."

"Is that my coat you're wearing?" I asked. Cameron didn't answer and I turned to Bartlett and asked him the same question. He said they were both in my suits as they'd had only blue jeans. He was wearing a pair of my shoes and complained that they were too tight. He put his gun on his knee and pulled out the cuff of one of my shirts to show me the cufflink. "I just got the plain ones. I wanted the nice ones with pearls on them but he took them and he's got them on."

"I lectured them on the law"

I had thought the guns familiar and I was right. Bartlett told me they'd found them where they had been concealed since the days when my father used them years before. Cameron had a shotgun and Bartlett had sawed off an old Winchester 30-30 in my workshop.

Cameron came back into the living room. "All right," he said to Bartlett, "we're getting out of here. First you put a head in him." He jerked his head at me.

This was the second time Cameron had told Bartlett to put a "head" in me. Cameron was the smarter of the two and the leader and I figured he was trying to put one over on Bartlett. I spoke to him as though I had been his solicitor. "You sit down and listen to me very carefully," I said. He didn't sit but he leaned. I explained to him that if either of them shot me both were equally guilty and would receive equal sentences. I cited legal precedents. I told him that if he thought he would be in the clear because it was his friend that had actually pulled the trigger he was wrong. Near morning, when Bartlett did move to shoot me, I found that this legal lecture had impressed Cameron.

Now it made him decide to take me with them. He asked me for my car keys. I gave them to him. He asked me for my wallet. I gave him my money. "I'm keeping the wallet. My cards are no use to you and it's a lot of trouble getting new ones." He poked the gun at me. "Give me your driving license." I took it out of the wallet and gave it to him.

He poked his gun at me again. He was jumpy. He and Bartlett each took a bag and he told me to put on my coat and pick up the two big bags. I didn't argue. I believed him to be near the breaking point. Outside he gave me the keys. I opened the trunk and loaded the four suitcases. Then I went slowly around and busied myself unplugging the car.

This time it was Bartlett who poked me with his gun. He pushed me into the back seat and climbed in beside me.

Cameron took the wheel. "Will this heap do a hundred?" he asked. I said I didn't know. He slammed the car into reverse.

The car was in a port by the end of the bungalow. He backed into the U-shaped driveway which circles around a rock-bordered flower bed. He shifted into forward and hurtled ahead. I thought he was going to slam into the house. "Look out!" I shouted. He cramped the steering wheel to the left, missed the house, and shot across the driveway. The car stalled. He'd plunged into the snow on the left side of the driveway and I calculated his front wheel would be against the rock border under the snow. We were stuck.

Both boys were jumpy and excited. "Let's take him back in and tie him up," suggested Bartlett, but Cameron said I'd be found or I'd get loose and I'd identify them. "We'll get this car loose and dump him somewhere down the road where he won't be found right away." He ordered us both out to push the car.

The hind wheels spun and Bartlett took off the coat of mine that he was wearing and told me to put it under the wheel to give traction. I demurred, arguing this was offensive to my Scottish blood. A couple of jabs with the gun convinced me, but the car still didn't come out. Cameron complained I wasn't pushing hard, so he made me drive while he pushed and Bartlett covered me. I knew that a few feet ahead and a little to the left there was a drainage ditch that connected to a culvert under the driveway. I rocked the car back and with Cameron heaving gunned it forward. It cleared the rocks, surged ahead and I cramped left. I felt the left front wheel sink so that it twisted the car hard over. I had gone into that drainage ditch before and never once got out without a tow truck. The car, at least, wasn't going to Montreal.

Cameron pushed and growled, but the car didn't move. He pulled the door open beside me. "Get a shovel and use it," he said. I unlocked the trunk, took out a shovel and slowly pulled on and zipped my overshoes. I shoveled. "No amount of shoveling will get this car out," I said, and finally realizing this was true and getting chilly, they decided to go back into the house.

Bartlett and I went into the kitchen together. I advised him that it would go easier if he surrendered to me. "I've had enough of you," he said and put the gun against the side of my head. I felt this was it. Without stopping to think I said, "I'll take my overshoes off first," and I bent down and unzipped them. As I pulled them off Cameron walked through to the living room. I turned my back on Bartlett and followed Cameron.

I sat down on the sofa and didn't say anything. The boys were excited and surly and I felt it wouldn't take much to make one of them violent.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Bartlett. Cameron dug out maps and the two of them studied them. Cameron looked up at me. "Take him out and put a head in him," he said. I pointed at Bartlett and my finger was within a foot of his face. "If you take me out and put a head in me you'll hang." I pointed at Cameron. "You'll be equally guilty. You'll hang too." I got up and got my briefcase and opened it to show them that I was a barrister and knew something of the law. "Shoot me and you'll both hang."

They launched into another discussion of what they should do and how they should grapple with the question of my being able to identify them. I got up. "I'm going to the kitchen to get a drink of fruit juice," I said. Both hoodlums followed me. En route I went to the bathroom, a facility I shared with Bartlett and his gun.

We returned from the kitchen, I with the juice and Cameron with two wine glasses full of whisky. He sipped it, then set it down and went for a beer. "We mustn't drink too much. We need clear heads," he said. It was a view I shared. The three of us sat and drank in silence.

Bartlett was sitting on the sofa smoking a cigar that he had rifled from my humidor. "You're putting ashes on the floor. That's a good carpet. Get an ash tray," I told him. He got up a little sheepishly and found one. "You've damaged that plant of mine," and I pointed to a climbing plant by the door of the study. It had collapsed because they'd pulled down the string up which it was growing. I nagged them about the fact it had been sent as a gift by English guests—Bartlett had a strong English accent — and that they had now wilfully harmed it. Bartlett may have decided the national honor was at stake; in any case, he spent fifteen minutes fiddling with it.

When he finished I started to fuss about my wine glasses and wanted them counted and examined to see that none had been broken or cracked. Cameron nodded to Bartlett. "Take him out and put a head in him," he said. I repeated my legal lecture.

I was so tired I was groggy. "I have to be in court at ten in the morning and I have to get some sleep," I told them and stretched out on the sofa and closed my eyes. Cameron got a ladder that he said he would put under the wheel of the car to provide the traction to bring it out. In twenty minutes he was back and demanded that I phone for a tow truck. His lip was trembling and his face was red from exertion on the car and he jammed the gun into my ribs so that it left a bruise. "Sure, I'll phone, but they'll not be open at this hour." I dialed a place I knew was not open and no one answered.

"Call a taxi," ordered Bartlett, and I picked up the phone.

"Just a minute," said Cameron. I put the receiver back in the cradle. He conferred with Bartlett and they agreed that a cab would be too conspicuous as a getaway car. Cameron turned back to me. "You phone some friend of yours and tell him to come with a car."

"No." I walked back to the sofa and sat down. "Neither of you would do that to a friend. I won't either."

Bartlett pulled a chair squarely in front of me and sat down. "Are you going to phone?" I said nothing and the room was silent. I heard two hard metallic clicks. He had cocked the gun. Early in the evening I'd seen him load the rifle. Now he raised it slowly and pointed it at my chest. "Will you phone?" he asked. When I still didn't answer he pulled the trigger.

How does a man know if he's been shot? Now I know I was just in shock. But then I felt floating, unsubstantial. I'd heard veterans of the trenches say you didn't feel a bullet passing through your body. For all I knew at that moment I could have been alive or dead. But my mind was recording enough to hear, "My God, you scared me. If you'd shot I'd hang, according to him." That scarcely sounded like a voice in another world.

Bartlett had surreptitiously slipped the shell out of the gun and, in this display of sadism, had pretended to shoot me. Now he slipped the shell back in.

They'd shoot it out, they said

It was now about six-thirty. We fell into a period of silence, growing exhaustion for all three, and explosive tension. After half an hour it began to get light. Again I suggested they lay down their guns. "I will personally appear in court and plead leniency for you if you do," I told them. They paid little attention. Instead they dug out all the shells they had and spread them on a coffee table and agreed between themselves that they would make a stand there and fight off the police. I had convinced them the police would come when I failed to show in court at ten o'clock. They didn't have the experience to know that this was nonsense.

They wanted more money. I'd had only $33 on me and Montreal was a long step. Cameron looked at me speculatively. "Maybe we'll take you downtown when the banks open and make you cash a cheque." But they decided that would be too chancy.

I decided I would try to take advantage of the fact that the boys were beginning to slump. When Bartlett went to the toilet I urged Cameron to surrender. "You missed your chance when you didn't go last night. It's daylight now." He asked what I thought the judge would give him and I admitted I had no idea but promised to plead leniency. He sat with his head in his hands.

When Bartlett returned Cameron stood. "I'm going to give myself up," he said. Bartlett argued, but he was half-hearted about it and with Cameron and me both ranged against him he finally agreed. It was 7.10 when the boys set their guns on the floor beside them. It was the first time all night they'd had them out of their hands, except for the time Cameron spent trying to make the car go. They were within easy grabbing distance. I ignored the guns, got up slowly and, without glancing back, walked over to the phone and dialed the 999 I'd started many hours before.

I sat on the sofa and Cameron and Bartlett busied themselves taking off my suits, shirts and socks and, in the case of Bartlett, my shoes. By the time I greeted the policemen at the door the boys were dressed in their own blue jeans and windbreakers. They were soon ready to leave, unarmed and handcuffed, on the first stage of their route to the court—at which I did plead for leniency and in which they were nonetheless sentenced to seven years each in the penitentiary.

"Well, goodbye," I said.

"So long," said both boys.

The long night was over. ★



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Peacetime conscription

Continued from page 18

from now on because Congress must reconsider the Universal Military Training and Service Act before July 1, 1963. It will expire on that date if not renewed.

The debate that is in the offing is bound to be bitter. Teachers, for example, disagree on the subject as sharply as military men — if not more so. A university professor in Washington told me: "I wish all youths could have a couple of years in the army before college. If they did, they'd be more mature, more disciplined and apply themselves to their studies with more purpose."

But for every professor who subscribes to this opinion there's at least one educationist like Ralph McDonald, who, speaking for the National Education Association, told a congressional committee that peacetime conscription is "not conducive to patriotism, morals or the building of character." Or there is one like John C. Esty, who as military service adviser at Amherst College, wrote a withering denunciation of nonconscription in U.S. version which was published in The Nation.

According to Esty, the selective service system is grossly unfair and inconsistent and permits a large proportion of the Americans who are physically and mentally qualified for military duty to obtain deferments that, in practice, permanently exempt them.

In effect, a deferment basis

While all males must register for military service at the age of nineteen, nobody is drafted today who isn't between nineteen and twenty-six. The oldest are called first and the average call-up age is twenty-three.

But a college student can have his service deferred until he completes his course if his marks are satisfactory and then receive a further deferment if he (also) enrolls in a postgraduate course, leading to what authorities consider to be an essential profession or engages in what they consider essential work.

The deferment privilege is by no means limited to college students. There are deferments for apprentices learning essential trades. Anybody with a special skill has an excellent chance of a deferment if there's evidence that he is contributing to the defense of the United States — which all who are employed by the major industrial arms suppliers with defense contracts are presumably doing.

Parenthood, too, is a ground for deferment and not hard to achieve when the average call-up age is twenty-three.

In theory, deferments are temporary and a man is liable for military service until he is thirty-five, but actually if he passes twenty-six without serving, he probably won't have to serve unless there's a major war.

Esty at Amherst, military service advisers at other universities and vocational guidance directors in the high schools are in a dilemma because of the loopholes in the act. When he rebukes a youth for asking, how to avoid the draft, Esty cannot, on having this question tossed at him. "When I see so many getting out of it, why should I be the one to go?"

It's tough to answer, for so many are getting out of it. By the most conservative estimate, two out of four who register for military service win rejection for physical, mental or moral reasons. And of the three in five who are acceptable, a lot manage to get deliberate deferments. Deliberate statistics are vague. Selective service officers say that eight or nine youths of every ten who are acceptable are in one form before they reach the age of twenty-six. Other sources — particularly university groups — challenge this claim and assert that five, six or perhaps seven out of ten would be more accurate.

One of the chief scores on which opponents like Esty criticize the Universal Military Training and Service Act is that it is so flexible that it encourages cheating. The reply of selective service spokesmen to this is that its flexibility is to protect young men against undue hardship, let them finish their schooling, and allow them a choice of when they enter the armed forces and which branch they enter. It is also to help maintain not only the supply of military manpower but the supply of civilians trained for occupations vital to health, safety and other national interests.

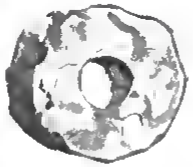
At any time before he is called up a man may enlist in whichever branch of the armed forces he chooses. If his quota isn't filled — and it often is — he may be able to join the army ready reserve and just spend six months training on active service, followed by eight years of weekly drills and summer vacation training.

Although the service term of most men who enlist is three years or more, compared with the two year term of the conscript, only one of five who go into the U.S. armed forces *do* enlist voluntarily for opportunities unavailable to the conscript. Enlistments have always filled the needs of the air force and now fill the needs of the navy and marines. The men who are drafted — fewer than 100,000 in 1960 — are all for the army.

But the conscription law is what motivates a heavy percentage of the enlistments for it confronts a man with the option: enlist or be drafted.

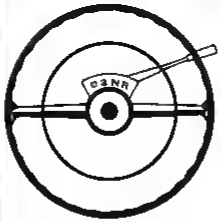
The ever present element of compulsion has been vigorously defended by some members of the clergy and vigorously attacked by others: one of them, Boston's Cardinal Cushing, who declared: "Whenever permanent conscription has been tried by any major nation it has had a bad history." Women's organizations, with certain exceptions, have held that conscription is contrary to American traditions and will bring the U.S. into a disastrous militarism.

Like military officers, educationists and preachers, sociologists are divided into two camps on the issue. One insists that conscription is improving the character and quality of the American male — that it is developing self-reliance, discipline and orderly habits, and that a man who has had to live in the close quarters of a barracks, mingle equipped to live in harmony with his neighbors. The second insists that the draft implants in teenagers a what-the-hell-we'll-be-in-the-army-soon adjow attitude and prompts acts of juvenile delinquency and that an impressionable youth in the armed forces is prone to fall under the influence of hard drinking, wenching older men and pick









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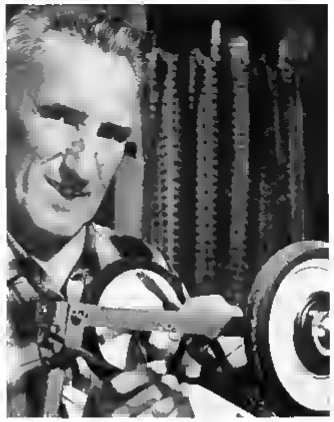
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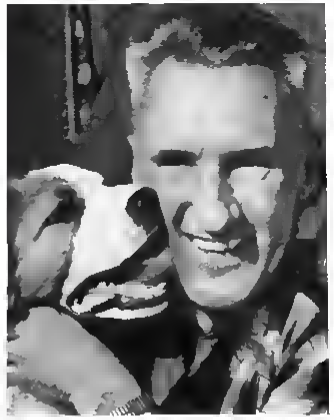




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Four of ten male U. S. college students fail; a poll shows they blame military service requirements

up habits that won't turn him into a superior husband and father.

You can find sociologists of the more profound type who say that the worst fears of the woman's organizations are already materializing and that two decades of conscription have swept the U.S. farther up the road to militarism than most people realize. They point out that the armed forces are a breeding ground for ultra-conservatism and that service officers ceaselessly indoctrinate young men against communism, have primed an atmosphere of fanatical fear and hatred. To this, there are those of no use who snort "nonsense."

The voices least heard in the discussion are those of the ones most concerned—American youths. They worry less talk interminably among themselves, but their opinions rarely reach congressional ears or gain much space in the public press.

How do they feel?

As one straw in the wind when Wisconsin Rights Pierre Rice and Council universities last year made enrollment in the reserve officers training corps elective rather than compulsory, the number of students participating dropped more than fifty percent. As another straw, a poll by Science Digest showed that students blame military service requirements for the fact that four male university students out of ten in the U.S. fail to earn degrees.

An eloquent statement of the dishearteningly effect of conscription on the young, by David Evanus of St. John's College in Maryland, found its way into print. In any college, at least, very few students are dreaming the dreams of youth or hoping and planning for the goal they should always inspire the spirited and the young—the goal of world peace.

After interrogating hundreds of conscripts, Ralph J. Gardner of General Electric and attending Elon College by day, aiming at a degree in business administration. Because of his night job, he couldn't put in enough hours at university to qualify for a deferment, so now he's two years in the army. "Two years is a long while. My wife doesn't like it, but I guess if you've got to go into the army, you've got to."

And there was Paul MacNeil of Durham, who went to Guilford, a Quaker college, paying his way by summer work on tobacco farms. He took a course in physical education and wanted to be a coach and teacher, but drifted into selling insurance. And just when he was beginning to sell some things along came a notice to report at Camp Jackson.

There were thousands of men like that at Camp Jackson—men with wives and jobs and hopes and ambitions whose lives had suddenly been interrupted by the draft. There they were with their new short haircuts from an army barber, their unaccustomed uniforms, their shoulders sagging under rifles, the sweat running into their eyes and drill sergeants put them through pushups and knee bends and trotted them over obstacle courses and marched them up hill and down dale. There were thousands of men too, who had enlisted like seventeen year-old Robert Allen of Baltimore. "The recruiting makes it sound like a country club," he chuckled. "It isn't quite but the food's delicious." He appeared to be enjoying himself. I wondered whether he'd still be happy when he'd spent a few free evenings strolling aimlessly around the streets of Columbia. I'd seen young soldiers doing that the night before, looking like lost souls. The training centre is big—23,000 military and civilian personnel and hundreds of buildings sprawled over tens of thousands of sandy acres. The city, although the capital of South Carolina, is not big. There's not much for all those soldiers to do and they seemed lonely, friendless, maybe a little pathetic.

But Major-General H. Dudley Ives, commander of Fort Jackson, proudly assured me that the training centre offers the men plenty to keep their minds off their troubles—golf, swimming pools, theatres, bowling alleys, riding stables, hunting, fishing. "I can't club Ives speaks to each new group that arrives at Fort Jackson, standing by his large silk army flag with its 145 campaign streamers.

"We pay a lot of attention here to teaching them things that are not in the book," he told me. "Americanism. Things like that."

And of course each man is handed the U.S. Fighting Man's Code:

I. I am an American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense.

II. I will never surrender of my own free will. If in command I will never surrender my men while they still have means to resist.

III. If I am captured I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape. I will accept neither parole nor special favors from the enemy.

IV. If I become a prisoner of war, I will keep faith with my fellow prisoners. I will give no information nor take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades. If I am senior, I will take command. If not, I will obey the lawful orders of those appointed over me and will back them up in every way.

V. When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am bound to give only name, rank, service number and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability. I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause.

VI. I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God and in the United States of America.

The Fighting Man's Code has been given each man entering the U.S. armed forces since the autumn of 1955. It was drawn up because in the Korean War the ability of the enemy to exploit prisoners who had been taken prisoner were negligible and there were prisoners who, brainwashed by their captors, made statements that bolstered Communist propaganda and were damaging to the U.S.—such as the notorious statement that the U.S. had unloosed germ warfare.

The words and sentiments of the code are noble but the fact that authorities feel it is necessary to try to indoctrinate and inspire the men in the services with it underlines what is probably the gravest doubt that the American people have about conscription. You can compel a man by law to wear a uniform and carry a rifle, but can legislation create a soldier who is really willing to lay down his life for his country?

That question will be asked time and again in one form or another in the debate to determine whether the United States will drop peacetime conscription two years hence or adopt it as a permanent and integral part of the defense system. ★

PARADE

Smoking more and enjoying it a little

At this time of year some people don't wait for the outdoor living season to start, no matter what the weather. Fire reels roaring into the driveway of a Toronto apartment house sent the building superintendent bounding down the hall after the firefighters to



see what disaster had struck now. He returned to his own apartment in remarkably short time, later shaking his head in bafflement at his wife. "Smart as 48," he said, bewildering himself in the middle of the living room.

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McKenzie Porter on Travel Agents

Continued from page 23

in 1941 to become a partner in World Wide Travel Ltd of New Westminster B.C. In 1952 his first full year of operation Kennedy and his partner working in an office shared by another small firm sold sixty thousand dollars worth of transport tickets hotel reservations and sightseeing coupons. Last year their staff working in headquarters and two branch offices wrote a million and a quarter dollars worth of business.

Despite their diverse origins and backgrounds travel agents have one characteristic in common—an enormous capacity for servitude. They obtain free of charge theatre tickets passports visas health certificates transport tickets hotel reservations. They rented cars ghosting guides and many other essentials and luxuries. Their reward comes in the form of five to ten percent commissions from carriers hoteliers restaurateurs theatre and cabaret owners and operators of commercial tourist attractions.

Working among exotic indoor plants, Scandinavian furniture, racks of travel folders and batteries of typewriters, intercoms and dictating machines they breathe an atmosphere of vast and invisible movement. The most unimaginative clod soon lost a few minutes in the presence of a typical travel agent gets a mental image of hordes of perspiring men women and children moving around the world at a steady jog, but so heavily laden with suitcases, Tibetan hats, bottles of Chianti blown ostrich eggs Swiss cuckoo clocks and shrunken heads that unfortunate officials have to collect their tickets from between the travelers' diminished teeth.

Two or three weeks' vacationers now seek hackneyed destinations by fanning out like Boy Scouts on a transcontinental and making side trips to Spain, Portugal Gibraltar, Austria Greece and Turkey. "More and more," says Lillian Spencer, a partner in the Claire Wallace Travel Bureau of Toronto "are taking a monosyllabic peek behind the Iron Curtain. They don't stay long. They pop in and pop out. It's not that they're scared. But there's not as much nightlife yet in Eastern Europe as there is in Western Europe."

European travel is no longer confined to the rich or to lottery-old couples who've saved all their days for the trip of a lifetime." Last year fifty percent of trans-Atlantic passengers were people who earned less than five thousand dollars a year, and fifty percent were under the age of forty. Lillian Spencer says. "The tendency of people in the middle income groups is to take their cars longer and take a European trip once every two or three years on the money they save."

Since they book eighty percent of the air business and fifty percent of the surface business sold in this country Canadian travel agents are flourishing. And every day the demands on them increase. Miss Spencer says. "The good travel agent now does everything for his clients except close their eyes and sing them to sleep at night. If necessary he will even find somebody to do that."

Like other travel agents the Misses Spencer and Wallace will help you to fill out your passport application and having obtained this document will send it by messenger to a consul who will stamp into it your visa to visit his native land provided he cannot find your name in his blacklist of international nihilists anarchists political assassins and dope peddlers. The Misses Spencer and Wallace will also collect for you from the Department of National Health and Welfare a small book bound in quarantine yellow and tell you what inoculations your doctor must record in it as a precaution against you bringing back from some disease riddled resort an epidemic of blank warm fever. They will buy you any permutation you like of rail steamer and air tickets giving your interchanges so precisely that you'll be able to plan every moment of madness from the Red Beer in Munich or Mombasa to the grand passion in Omsk or Oswaldtwistle. Although they will not guarantee you a room with a bath in every port of call overseas they will make sure you do not have to sleep—as I have slept—in a miniscar shrine an all night hash house a steambath or a vegetable market. They will obtain tickets that will enable you to watch Moorish bulls stabbed to death Circassian actors banging big gongs Italian opera singers roaring off their guttural tunes and Hawaiian dancers wiggling a masculine sort of undulating abdomen and rotating buttocks. They will arrange for you to rent or buy abroad cars that go even if they were built largely for royalty-old ladies and dwarfs. And finally they will make so many advance payments on your behalf that all you need in your pocket is the price of sin.

Lately Miss Spencer and Miss Wallace have turned much publicity by inducing distinguished Toronto capitalists away from their art gallery museum and symphony concerts and parking them off in parties for the inspection of such Communist possessions as the Kremlin the Great Wall of China and the Rumanian oilfields. They have transported squads of comely matrons from decorator bedrooms in Rosedale to grass mats on the floors of paper inns in remote Japanese villages to ramp exits in the elephant country of Kenya and Tanganyika and to maharajahs' bunkhouses at the summit of the Khyber Pass.

According to Miss Spencer the 11th are now wary of the Colosseum Versailles and the Bloody Tower and are hankering for thunderous dawns on the road to Mandalay the company of absinthe-rotted artists by South Sea lagoons, and the many splendored things that may be found on Hong Kong's waterfront.

Now that the Pacific and Indian oceans are in" Miss Spencer and Miss Wallace have to think up gimmicks to persuade their women clients to make the cultivated trip across the North Atlantic. Their latest is a tour of the fashion houses of London Paris and Rome.

Some of the Spencer-Wallace clients have made the lush-an-tour-ative completing the Far East trip. In fact tourists going off in the Far East have found that they might as well make it around the world while they are at it.

Around the world trips organized by travel agents are nearly always condemned tours that is the clients go in groups of between thirty and sixty and rely on an escort for protection against oriental extortionists and occidental postcard vendors. The escort usually is a schoolteacher university professor or retired immigration officer.

An escort has his problems

Travel agents are of course inundated with applications for jobs as escorts. "Ninety percent of them," says Gordon Girvan, of Toronto's Girvan Travel Service, "are women who regard their own travel experiences as sufficient qualification." Girvan makes a habit of asking such women "Have you ever undergone surgery?" One woman replied proudly "I've had seven major operations." Girvan said "Does that make you a good surgeon?"

A few women get jobs as escorts but the majority are men. The reason for the male escort is simple. Single widowed and divorced women form sixty percent of the average tourist group and old maids, widowed or divorced men by eight to one.

But don't jump to conclusions. The good escort combines with the qualities of a scholar and cheerleader the virtues of a monk. "Sometimes," says Lillian Spencer, "you'll see an escort taking ten or twelve women to a nightclub. He just cannot afford to fall for one of them if the others are to have a good time."

James Calladine of Calladine & Baldry of Toronto, Canada's biggest organizers of conducted North American tours says "We always tell the new escort that on every tour at least one of the women is going to fall in love with him and that's the time to look out." A few summers ago a Calladine & Baldry escort giving a sightseeing description over the mike in the bus was poleaxed from behind by the handbag of a woman who thought she had been spurned. Annually the escort had merely followed company regulations by refusing to visit her room late at night for a drink.

When I was younger" says Calladine "I escorted a bus tour to Florida. I got on well with the passengers until I yielded to the temptation to sit next to the youngest and prettiest during an evening run. From that moment on, the other passengers froze up on me. And that's a disaster in that business. If you show any favoritism at all you show it to the oldest and least attractive."

Many travel agents are now trying to provide a love interest on tours by limiting some parties to single men and women within certain age limits. But, according to James Calladine they are encountering difficulty in getting enough males. Calladine says "Let's face it. The words conducted tour have become dirty words. They conjure up a picture of an escort blowing a whistle and driving his clients on from point to point with a whip. The picture is false, but it is scaring people off."

In consequence more and more clients are taking independent tours, or tours for which the agent provides them with transport tickets hotel accommodation and appointments with local sightseeing guides, but leaves them free to travel alone. Some of these are called package tours and through the international network of travel agents the client can get hundreds of variations of holiday for which everything is prepaid save the cost of drinks and shopping.

Some people looking for independent or package tours show remarkable ignorance of geopolitics. One woman a bus travel enthusiast walked into John Anstey Travel of Toronto recently and said, "I've been studying the globe looking for some way to travel abroad without making a long sea trip or an airjourney. So I want you to book me a bus trip to Hong Kong via Alaska, the Bering Strait, Siberia and Mongolia." The secretary of a prominent Toronto businessman threw John Anstey's staff into a flap one day by saying that her boss wanted to go to Australia via Vichy and the Pamirs. After worrying over diverse timetables and atlases routes the agency staff nervously backed and found that the man really wanted to

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Pictured above are three points of interest in this vast Canadian nation. 1 This 200 year old church still serves the villagers of Sainte-Famille on the island of Orleans, near Quebec City, P.Q. 2 Fine examples of Indian art abound at Thunderbird Park, Victoria, B.C. 3 The fishing village of Blue Rocks near Lunenburg, N.S.



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go to Australia by a route taking in Fiji.

In common with many other travel agents, Olwen Chappell of John Austin's has a slight aversion to dog lovers. Once she had an ardent fan trying to get an passage to India for a woman who insisted on taking her tiny Chihuahua.

"He cannot travel in the baggage compartment," said the woman "because Chihuahuas die at temperatures of less than fifty degrees." Miss Chappell pulled strings and persuaded various airlines to let the Chihuahua travel in the pilot's cabin. Two days after the woman reached New Delhi her dog died of heat stroke.

Once when Lufina Spencer of the Claire Wallace Travel Bureau toted up for a woman client the cost of transporting her mother, her dog and herself to England, the woman looked staggered and said: "Aw to hell with mother. I'll just take the dog."

Not all tourists are so preoccupied with cost. Recently John Harrison of the Robbins Travel Company Ltd. of Montreal made air reservations for a Montreal man who interrupted important business negotiations in Hong Kong, mainly to fly home for the annual cocktail party of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club. Another regular Robbins client telephoned from Cherbourg, France, to say that his first-class stateroom in the Queen Mary had not been quite up to scratch. Later from London to complain that he had been served warm beer in the Ritz and once more from St. Andrews, Scotland, to bemoan the fact rain was interfering with golf.

A few weeks ago Harrison after much cajolery and assurance persuaded a Montreal stenographer who was scared of flying to lengthen her Florida vacation by returning by air. The girl made her first flight in the TCA aircraft that had to circle Dorval for three and a half hours with a busted landing gear and finally make contact with earth on its belly.

"We heard through the grapevine friends that night," says Harrison, "that she was going to give an a real blast on the telephone the next day. As things turned out the girl was feted at her office like a heroine, and she enjoyed her fame so much that when she did speak to us she was all sweetness and light."

According to Susan Kessler of World Wide Travel, there is one pronounced distinction between inexperienced and veteran tourists. The first time traveler starts making his arrangements a year in advance and is upset if the agency's bank until the moment he leaves. The hardened globe-trotter telephones on Monday to make arrangements for a world tour starting Friday, simply names the cities he wants to visit and the hotels and the form of transport he prefers. "Then," says Mrs. Kessler, "you hear nothing from him again until he picks up his tickets on Thursday."

Agents much prize these quirks and sometimes provide them with handsome farewell gifts in acknowledgement of their patronage. Bob Neville of Edmonton's Holiday Travel Consultants arranged for a bottle of champagne to be placed in the bedroom of every hotel on the itinerary of a trio of rich women who'd booked a costly world trip. To his chagrin he discovered that they didn't drink. They sent him snapshots of themselves using the bubbly to wash their hair.

There seems to be no limit to the lengths a travel agent will go on behalf of his customers. Don Kennedy of World Wide Travel once put in days of work fulfilling the request of a young man for the addresses of Canadian consuls throughout South America for a passport and many visas and for dozens of road maps with routes marked all the way from British Columbia to Cape Horn. When the young man called at the office to collect all this humph Kennedy expected to make a fat commission on fares and hotel reservations for a lengthy tour. But the young man informed Kennedy that he intended to hitch hike and sleep in a tent and he walked out of Kennedy's office without laying out a nickel.

While just goes to show that thoughtful and resourceful though they may be travel agents have not yet killed off entirely the spirit of adventure ★



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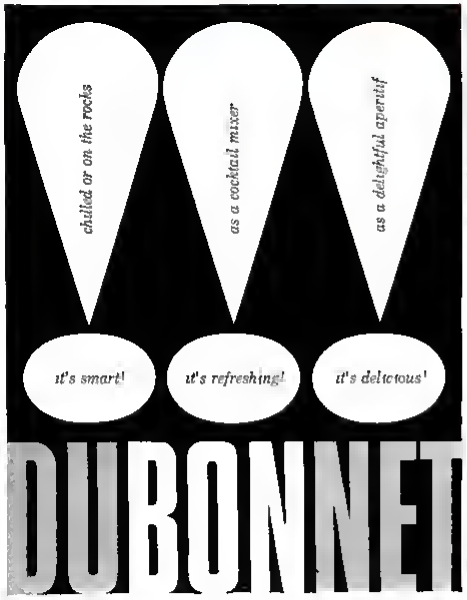
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Foster families teach sanity to the mentally ill

Continued from page 22

mental patient. There are now seven foster families in the community. The hospital had looked to the rural district for help in 1953 when it was desperately trying to relieve overcrowding. Huntingdon was a natural place to look. It has an unusual history of co-operation on social aid projects that dates from the Depression days. At that time a group of women came in to the Children's Service Centre and said they could not give money, but would give a summer holiday to children suffering in Montreal's crowded tenements. Their gesture later led to foster homes for children. Huntingdon farmers have also given jobs to boys from the reformatory at Shawbridge, taking in one, getting him back on his feet and then taking another. After the war the DVA hospital at Ste. Anne de Bellevue sent patients out to the peaceful countryside. In 1953 it was a fiery Greek social worker at Verdun, decorated by the British for her work in the underground who went out to Huntingdon and talked her way from the four drivers to the mayor until she found families who would help her. What started as an emergency measure brought on and grew into the present program.

Huntingdon welcomed its first patients cautiously. For the most part the neighbors at their boats and them gradually. One of the most popular is the Scotsman with the Pringles.

He had been moving about the house briskly in a green plaid shirt, putting away pots of paint. His name and had coffee.

"The cat had scratched all the paint off the inside of the cellar door," he said. "It had to be washed down and then painted."

The 59 year-old Glaswegian spoke with a marked burr. He had an air of feeling quite at home in a part of the world that is not only full of his own country men but even has a "Front River." "It's a tributary of the Chateauguay," he said. "They must come close to here. A few times I have looked and seen grey front making their way upstream in a leisurely fashion in the gloaming. Mostly I see red finned mullet."

He brought in a portfolio of poems, one of the few things he had brought from the hospital. "Sometimes like this poem Cock Robin, when I hear a bird sing like that I just have to do something about it."

One lonely day he had looked over the Verdun grounds and written of the autumn leaves. "Though scattered limp and lifeless as far as eye can see. They still retain a beauty that is very sweet to me."

Musing through some of the others he said: "Oh I can be pretty mystic sometimes." Then he took the sheets up stairs.

The Scots patient was a very different man three years ago, according to hospital authorities. He had been nagged out of his mind when he was taken to Verdun with a breakdown. Rigid opinionated, he said he would never work again. Things helped dispel the delusions he suffered from. Finally he was put on home care.

Mrs. Pringle says: "Well, yes the hospital told me he would never do any work. And I never ask him to but during this last little while he has started



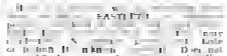
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doing more and more things. You can't say nonn and do it now. He has to have it his way. He changes things around but I let them go that way. Sometimes he thinks you're nagging when you're not and the other day he burst out with "You did that on purpose." But I never bother my head. Sometimes I find him working too hard. He'll chop a load of wood until his whole as a sheet. So he's tattooed in a kind of way his energy I mean. But he does help us like looking after the furnace and the woodstove. Oh yes I think he's better. He used to read me those poems until I thought they'd worn out of my ears. But he doesn't write so many now. It was company he needed."

The hospital does not forecast his future, but looks hope when it sees the man who swore he would never work again slowly puking up his tools.

The Pringles first patient was slightly jealous when the second came last year. Bobby had his eighteenth birthday on the farm. Fresh-complexioned and brush-cut Bobby did not look his age, but he did look as if he had found things he enjoyed doing around the farm. Less than a year before he had been taken to Verdun after a complete breakdown in

PARADE

She has a nice smile, though

In this precocious age graduation dance time comes annually even in elementary schools and a 13-year-old in Lachine, Que., had been doing a lot of smiling around trying to get up enough nerve to ask a girl. Finally he telephoned one of his classmates and she accepted like a shot. "Then you are," declared his mother. "The first girl you invited is glad to go with you." Her son gave her a pitying glance. "What's so wonderful?" he asked. "You didn't think I asked the most popular girl in the class do you? I started at the other end of the list."

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which he had stolen a trunk and bit two people. Confused delusions he responded to treatment but hated the confinement. It was decided a country environment might calm him. He arrived with two envelopes of pills and followed Mrs. Pringle around like a puppy.

When he came I even had to wash his face for him," she said. "And in the mornings do you think he'd get out of bed?" Now Bobby is out by nine walks across to his brother-in-law's farm to help feed the pig and had the cows and is willing to work till day for a chance to drive the tractor.

"I'm not sure how much help he is with the cows," said Mrs. Pringle. "But he's looking forward to the chickens. I'm going to get fifty chicks and Bobby can help with them."

"Once he gets back in the fields with us, it'll take his mind off things," said Mr. Pringle, who had come in heavy booted for an afternoon break.

He gets on with some homework at the table at night." Mrs. Pringle went on. "He's a good reader and reads the comics up in his room. We taught him how to write a letter. He wrote to me. I didn't want to see it but he asked me to read the last paragraph. It said he was the only one in his family not married. Was she interested? She never answered."

Then she added: "I like the little devil. He crawls under your skin. I hope he can take a job in another year or so."

That day Bobby had gone to Montreal

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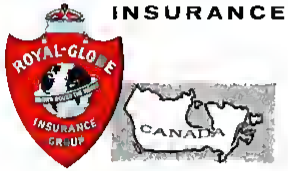
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"An athlete needs training; a mental patient needs practice in living with people again"

with the young people's group of a local church, not the Pringles' church, but one whose minister was said to be good with young people.

The youngest of all the patients on home care, the boy has had an easier time than most others in being accepted by the community. He played hockey in the town all winter and by the end of the season many of the attitudes of suspicion and dread — which hospital workers say they find in Huntingdon just as they do anywhere else — had melted away.

The trip to Montreal was the first of its kind for Bobby. The hospital had given permission. He put on his white shirt and tie and slip and away he went," said Mrs. Pringle. "I made him three sandwiches. He said he only wanted two slices, but I put in four slices of currant bread and peanut butter, which I hate, but he loves. He should be coming home soon. I'm looking forward to hearing all about it. He'll be excited, though, and tomorrow morning his bed will be all over the place — the way it was when he first came."

Bobby's parents come to see him — "an awful nice couple," Mrs. Pringle calls them. "Some day he will be going home."

Dr. C. H. Shatch, assistant medical superintendent at Verdun, says that some patients need an in-between period after leaving the hospital and before going home. About Bobby, he says: "We hope he can relate to these kindly people and this way he gets practice at it. It's like an athlete getting into condition. A person who has been mentally ill needs practice in living with people again."

Mrs. Pringle receives visits from other Huntingdon women who have patients living with them. Next door, two fields away, is a family whose sons have grown up and gone to live in Montreal. Their mother has a patient with her, a quiet, dignified woman who has withdrawn almost completely into a world of her own. She comes downstairs sometimes to read Dickens and will go on with the book while the room fills and empties around her. She goes to church, nowhere else.

So far, the arrival of mental patients in Huntingdon has not caused much of a stir in the district. For one thing, the farms are widely spaced. Also, the patients don't get to town often. When they do, they sometimes attract attention. Like the girl who had dinner at the hotel on her day off and spoke her thoughts aloud. People talked about her at the hotel, but no official complaint was made to the hospital.

The foster families themselves are treated almost as members of the hospital staff. They are kept in touch through regular visits by the social worker. It is they who watch and encourage their charges to take their pills. This is the patient's lifeline, and usually they realize it. But it is still a hurdle for many, especially when they feel better and want to be free.

"There is no stigma for a diabetic taking insulin or a heart case taking digitalis," says Dr. C. A. Roberts, the new superintendent at Verdun, who is responsible for many of the advances in patient rehabilitation. "Drugs play the same part in curing mental illness and, if not curing, it completely holding it in check. In the degree where the patient can lead a comfortable and often productive life. Given a chance, psychiatrists can effect as satisfactory cures as medical men."

Home care is used in other parts of Canada, but the program varies from province to province. British Columbia has two halfway houses designed to rehabilitate mental patients. Ontario has a number of boarding homes, supervised by the hospitals. Saskatchewan has a new plan for finding adoptive homes, says Dr. J. D. Griffin of the Canadian Mental Health Association. And Prince Edward Island has gone ahead with a dozen successful homes.

Huntingdon has been likened to the Belgian town of Gheel, where for seven centuries townspeople and neighborhood farmers have opened their doors to mental patients. Statistics for Gheel show that twenty-six percent of the patients are regarded as completely cured. The results at Huntingdon may be a little better, if the hospital continues to send patients who are considered able to return to normal life. So far, an encouraging number have made the transition.

One of the first was a stenographer who had taken herself to hospital and was diagnosed as schizophrenic. She could get no further help from hospital treatment and was causing trouble. She was sent to live with a widow in Huntingdon. This woman, fifteen years in the town, told the hospital she was a comparative newcomer and added: "You have to live a hundred years in Huntingdon before you're accepted." She accepted her foster daughter, though what came to count on her friendship got a job in Huntingdon and later moved back to Montreal. The younger woman writes regularly to her foster mother in the country. She had no family who could give her this link with home life.

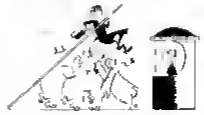
This nature therapy — as it is called — doesn't always work. One girl was sent to the home of a family near the American border. The first in the area to take in a patient. She complained that it was too noisy — the crickets kept her awake. One day she was caught trying to hitchhike to town. She had lived on a busy street in downtown Montreal, and she missed the city noises. She was taken to a foster home in town.

But for many the country is what the doctor ordered. Those are the ones who entered the grey walls of a mental hospital in bitter defeat. Beneath Huntingdon's broad skies they are finding their way back to friends, life and hope ★

PARADE

That's showbusiness

That little old lady with the gleam in her eye is at it again, this time in Toronto where she, apologetically, went in the head of the line at a theatre box office, explaining: "I just want to ask



the girl a question." Her question was: May I have the tickets I ordered please — and she was gone before the queue woke up to what had happened.

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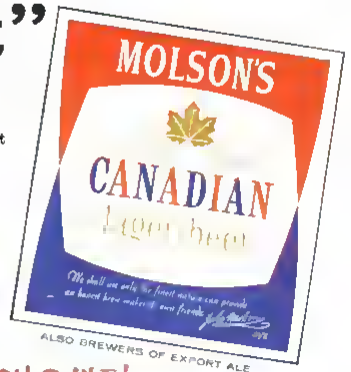
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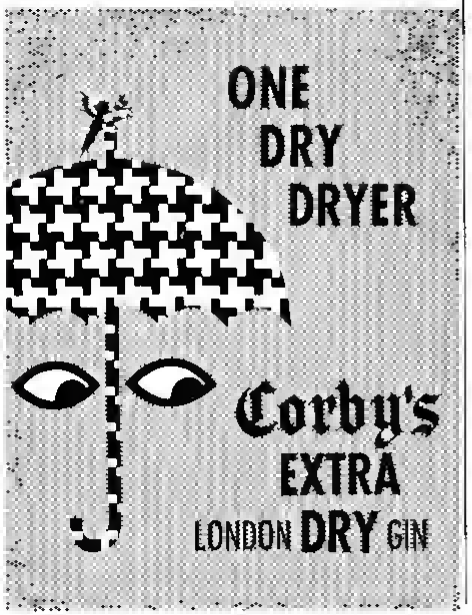
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Genius in hiding:
David Milne

Continued from page 17

When he usually did was lapse into chilly silence. "Don't get yourself worked up," he once advised Carl Schaefer, an artist of considerable vehemence. "It's too hard on you."

In fact one of his most conspicuous traits was conserving himself. He kept his temper because losing it was hard on the painting. He avoided worry or feelings of guilt for the same reason. If he had hard words to say he said them by mail as when out of the blue he broke up his marriage with a five-line note. If explanations were embarrassing, he didn't make them in when having gone into hiding from Patsy Milne, he stopped writing their closest friend James Clarke. Clarke, who had been his confidante, painting companion, correspondent and financial benefactor for nearly thirty years, never heard from Milne again.

It seems probable that Milne's strong instinct of withdrawal from human upset began in his childhood. He was an Ontario farm boy born in a log cabin in Burgoyne and reared in the village of Perdey, Bruce County. But it was not precisely an average farm home.

His father, in the words of one brother, "was not a good supporter of the home" and talked of going away where things would be better." Meanwhile he spent most of his time splitting kindling or pottering around their meager garden. Milne's mother was a tall, God-fearing woman with a strong Scots accent and a righteous anger. She had to take in laundry and peddle cabbages to keep the family going, so she banished her husband to the milkhouse and didn't speak to him for years, though if visitors came, she allowed him into the house for dinner.

Milne was the last-born child of this couple's full generation younger than his four grown-up brothers and his sister. He was so responsive to animals that the discovery of a drowned shrew was enough to turn an entire painting day. But considering the changed and wretched atmosphere of his home it is scarcely surprising that in later life he almost never painted people, except as mere figures in a landscape.

He had begun sketching almost before he was school-aged—but often he finished high school he became a country teacher. It was one of his brothers Dan, who in 1904 lent him $2,000 to get away and go to New York and enroll in the Art Students' League.

Though he put in only six months at the League as a full-time student, he stayed in New York until 1915. During those years he learned that *everything* in the city cost money and that money costs an artist what he values most—painting time.

For a while he continued studying part-time, but he also began to canvass shops for orders to make signs. After a walking half the length of Manhattan Island in a day going into stores all along the way. At night he stood on a chair in cork an egg over the gas jet for his dinner. (He afterward blamed this diet for his early baldness.) For a while too he had a job as a window-dresser and sign painter for an uptown drugstore.

He had begun exhibiting, but couldn't afford to have his pictures framed. The pictures from this period are of all shapes and sizes for to solve the problem he ransacked shops for old chromes removed the frames and painted his pictures to fit. When he left the city two years after his success at the 1913 Armory show he stopped bothering about frames. In fact he stopped bothering to exhibit and he sold so few pictures in those years that he also stopped bothering to sign them. Many years later in 1938 he had to sign hundreds of pictures at one session to remedy the lapse.

It was near the end of his New York period in 1912 that he met James Clarke, a young advertising artist who became his closest friend. Clarke and some fellow artists came across six Milne canvases in a gallery and went looking for the painter. "We found him," Clarke recalls. "In a loft over a restaurant on East 42nd Street where he and his partner friend, Amos Eagle, painted signs and showcards, worked, slept, diligently cooked meals over a gas jet, also diligently and talked painting painters and art."

In the next twenty-odd years Clarke repeatedly lent Milne money or accommodation, visited him with food, acted as confidante, exhibited the paintings in his own offices and, every time Milne's situation was really desperate, bought another one himself. Milne seems to have accepted the help without demur.

It was in this period too that Milne met Patsy Hegarty, a painfully timid, very pretty Irish girl with blue eyes and rich auburn hair. She was a bookkeeper in the drugstore where he dressed windows. He was so poor that they had to wait six years to get married; they were so poor after they were married that sometimes when Patsy was cooking dinner the gas would go off and she'd have to wait until Milne came home to get twenty-five cents for the meter.

In the next twenty-odd years Patsy learned that when they needed money Milne would say, "Well, Patsy, you're on your own now," and she would have to go and find a job.

For after they left the city in 1915 Milne stopped looking for ways to make an income; he lived off what was on hand and when it was gone, he seemed content to live off the land or borrow from Clarke or let Patsy find him caretaking posts that included his keep. After all that was why they had left the city—so he could paint full-time with no responsibilities.

It was an eccentric and toothless existence. They started in Boston Corner—a tiny village at the edge of the Taconic Range where New York meets Massachusetts and Connecticut. Then there was an interlude during which Milne enlisted in the Canadian army got an eleventh-hour appointment as a war artist and spent the year following the Armistice painting the aftermath of war in France. (The results more than a hundred water colors are with the War Memorials collection in the National Gallery.) A year after his return their money ran out and they had to get a loan from Clarke. Patsy went to New York to work in an office for a winter while Milne sweated on the side of a mountain near Boston Corner in a sort of Nissen hut he built of saplings, tarpaper and moss. Then Patsy got a job which included a living for Milne at a summer resort called Big Moose, in the Adirondacks north of Utica. Milne built a shack for them there from an abandoned carpenter's locker. Then Clarke bought a cottage and let them stay in it for two winters in return for some carpentry to the interior. For two summers running they rented a cottage and Patsy ran it as a tearoom.

In the fall of 1923 they had forty dollars. Milne told Patsy he thought he could get a painting class started if he went to Ottawa and suggested that Montreal would be a good place for her to try to get a job. She found one as a housekeeper-companion and in her spare time tried to interest the Montreal galleries in giving Milne a one-man show. One of them, the Art Association of Montreal, agreed but not a painting was sold.

Milne in Ottawa sold six water colors.

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to the National Gallery but could find no art pupils. He painted the interior of the House of Commons then turned and spent a good deal of time in the public library. Both places were warm and he had no underwear and no overcoat.

They returned to the States. Milne borrowed $2,000 from Clinkin, bought a lot at Big Moose and started building a house on it. For weeks he sat on the side of a hill with a hammer and chisel cutting three great slabs of pink streaked black stone out of a boulder to make a fireplace, and faint hints of writing, and narrow reflections in the shape of lilliputians for the indoor lights. Patsy was enchanted at the idea of their first real home.

The house took several summers to finish but as soon as the living room was completed Patsy opened a tearoom in it. The enterprise ended not by a three-month job jaunt to a dude ranch every winter was to provide their living. It lost money instead.

One night in 1929 Milne went to Clinkin and said he had decided to leave Patsy because he felt he couldn't make enough money to keep her. He had long since told Clinkin he thought an artist should never marry. Apparently he finished the necessary painful interview but he didn't mention his decision to Patsy. He only sold the house and told her they were going to move to Canada.

They left everything behind except the paintings — almost two thousand of them by now — and when they settled in Palgrave, a village northwest of Toronto in the Caledon Hills the names were then only formalities for a year and a half.

At first the locals thought Milne was a German spy. "Well he just started moping around the country asking a few questions and making sketches," says one of them unknowingly. But they soon warmed to him particularly after he taught a number of them how to ski. But by now it was the midst of the Depression and though the Milnes had sold the Big Moose house for $6,000 they owed a third of it to Clarke and the purchaser was not meeting his payments. They lived on oatmeal, milk and tea, then dropped ten from the menu.

Milne scarcely noticed. He painted all day and every night he disappeared down to the hotel on the main street to sit in the lobby and listen to the radio. Patsy knew better than to follow him one time before they'd left Big Moose she'd followed him to a neighbor's where he was relaxing after a day's painting as soon as she'd come in he'd get up and left.

One late summer day in 1934 he wrote to Vincent Massey already known as a patron of the arts to put forward a long incubated scheme. Unsurely his idea was that some patron should build a gallery to house the entire Milne output. Keeping groups together in chronological order, to show his development as a painter. The proposal to Massey which he accompanied with some two hundred and fifty paintings, an autobiographical sketch and an outline of his ideas on art, was that the output should be in effect, mortgaged in return for a regular continuing subsidy.

Massey apparently was unprepared to carry out the larger scheme, but he selected the cream of Milne's submissions and bought them outright. In December of that year he also arranged a show and sale of some of them at Mellors Gallery in Toronto and a small retrospective of Milne inns instantly sprang up.

Milne took the cash from Massey and rumored himself from Palgrave to Sixmile Lake at the western edge of the Muskoka Lakes district where he built himself a tarpaper shack planted a vegetable garden painted all day and wrote his witty exhaustive letters at night. Patsy went in to Seattle. Like a number of times to see him and they wrote each other. But in 1939 she got a curt note suggesting that they get a divorce and requesting that she arrange it through his business agent. The letter had no return address and she never saw him again.

Actually Milne came down from Sixmile Lake, spent more than a year in Toronto, moved to Uxbridge, a nearby town, and eventually hitched up in the Haliburton Highlands where he built yet another cabin for himself. He shared it with Kathleen Davey Milne who had been a registered nurse, and their son David, now a university undergraduate.

He spent the last fifteen years of his life using the only perfect defense against intrusion that he ever found — public secrecy.

His work had become more and more painted more elegant. At Sixmile Lake he had returned to water colors after a gap of twelve years. He had also during visits to a country schoolhouse become interested in children's art and then fascinated with the idea of how a child might imagine various religious themes if he knew none of the traditional religious art. He began to set down fantasies—under such titles as Noah and the Ark and Mount Ararat. The Saint Ascension and Snow in Bethlehem — that were as witty as light as soap bubbles. Angels were dinky hats. Noah's animals were nursery toys. Bethlehem included the village church from Palgrave.

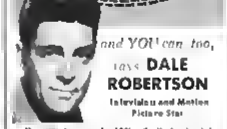
By now his work was becoming well known. Douglas Duncan, proprietor of the Picture Loan society in Toronto and angel to a number of hard pinched artists, had seen the first Milne show in 1934. In 1935 he found his way into Milne's camp at Sixmile Lake, gingerly climbing a little incense — as he recalls. In 1938 he became Milne's agent and the funniest thing to a Clarke in Milne's later life. From then on the Milne output was exhibited annually at the Picture Loan and elsewhere and from 1941 on Duncan posted Milne a fixed income by making a series of personal purchases in addition to the regular sales.

Milne painted in privacy and freedom until 1952. In November of that year he suffered the first of two minor strokes that left his painting hand paralyzed. He was convalescing and full of plans to learn painting with his left hand when he suffered a major stroke. He lingered for four months unconscious and died on December 26, 1953.

Whatever other mysteries surround Milne as an artist and a man at least one can now be settled: the office of the Registrar General of Ontario says: David Brown Milne is buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto. The grave is unmarked. ★

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2. It was in ginger ale. But when the mahout had departed, the tiger lobbied for a real drink. Canadian Club. Not because I'm a Canadian but because I'm a connoisseur of fine whiskies. I drink Canadian Club because it's the lightest whisky of all. Canadian Club is the whisky for me.



3. Weighing in at a brilliant five hundred pounds, the tiger was a real pain. But I'm no fool. I'm a Canadian Club man. I like a mild yet final, a handsome reply for an adult sportsman. And the natives were aware that delightful blend of fine ferocious smuggler and

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The Congolese National Army split up into a series of marauding bands and tribal mercenaries

African had made another particularly irrelevant and untruthful speech in find up Afro-American radio reporter leaned across and whispered to me: "Hang on any minute now I'll bet names ranging up this aisle pursued by the bloodhounds."

With Africa constantly baring its wounds and the Russian bloc and now France, Belgium, Portugal South Africa and several other important nations dragging their feet, it is not very surprising that in New York the UN is in a state very close to paralysis. Here in Africa the UN is not paralyzed but it is terribly confused. Moreover it has made some costly mistakes. In many instances what never it might have done would have looked afterward like a mistake. New York's various mandates and its instructions to the people on the ground for fulfilling them have been so weak and wavering that most of the people on the ground either don't know or pointed they don't know why they're here. History may show that the essential mistake and the one that never can be retrieved was made when in the earliest days of the intervention the UN stopped disarming the Congolese army and allowed it to take its weapons back. Major General Henry Alexander, the British professional soldier who commanded what was then the biggest UN force in Léopoldville, the Ghanaians, pleaded last July to be allowed to go on seizing the guns of the often drunk, frequently doped and undisciplined Congolese. But he lost out to the politicians in New York and what the writer Colin Legum has called the rogue elephant of the Congo, the national army, was turned loose again.

It promptly split up into a series of marauding bands and tribal mercenaries. In weird hierarchy of generals, colonels and captains, none of whom had risen beyond the rank of sergeant major before last July, insist they must, in the name of their national independence, be allowed to hold absolute control. Then when one of the detachments breaks loose again, the general or the colonel or the captain explains blandly and in all good faith that he just can't control it.

The UN's failure to deal effectively with the red-eyed Congolese army was based on a command decision in New York. It is possible that what with the skirmishing of the Eastern bloc, the Western bloc, the Asian bloc and the African bloc no other decision could have been made. But the non-command decision—the executive, bureaucratic and minor military decisions—have not always been fortunate either.

The implacable hostility of the Russians and their satellites to Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold has driven Hammarskjold himself into implacable positions. His appointment of Rajeshwar Dayal as head of the UN mission to the Congo was not a tactful one. It is lamentable but still true that within the infinity of wheels within wheels of the world's total of race prejudice, the Indian in Africa is subject to a special kind of ill. He is almost always better educated, more monogamic, more ambitious and better off than the Bantu and therefore is resented much as is the Jew in Toronto, New York or Miami. Dayal did not improve his chances of success by standing heavily on his dignity and authority. He came here with one strike against him because of his origin—his lofty attitude quickly made it strike two and the enormously dangerous Congolese tends to strike three.

Dayal went back to New York to "report" but his coming here in the first place cost the United Nations a loss of face in a continent where face is of great importance.

The UN has suffered from other little accidents, many of them crazy accidents that no one without the gift of omniscience could possibly have prevented. With the most flawless logic and understanding the UN decided to send colored men to help keep peace in the Ubangi district. The result was catastrophic. The native inhesmen to whom the fleeing Belgians had been the symbol of order began shooting at the poor Malayans.

"Why should we obey you? You're just as black as we are."

Almost everything the UN does here comes under almost automatic attack. The newspapers — still in the main under the dour baton or control of Belgium or of the various native satraps — have done their best to make the whole situation frightening, much of the UN soldiery has been behind its actions a symbol not unlike the brown shirt of the SA became in the Germany of twenty-five years ago. It is very rare to see a UN soldier unarmed or as a UN soldier he is almost invariably a Casque Bleu. The white jeep in which he rides has its own kind of valuable symbolism too.

A much more pertinent charge against UN people here—soldiers and civilians alike—is that they no sooner arrive than they start marking off the days on the calendar until they get out again. The tour of duty is short and fixed — seldom more than six months — and the advance knowledge of when it will end begins eating immediately into almost everyone's interest in his job. Time after time you will hear a soldier or civilian discuss some knotty problem and say only half facetiously: "I've got only nineteen days to go. We'll leave that one for the new bloke to unravel."

UN soldiers and civilians are very well paid here. The most junior civilian employee from abroad gets an allowance of twenty dollars a day in addition to his usually generous salary. The lowest-ranking Canadian soldier with his various bonuses and allowances collects well over three hundred dollars a month. These costs, coupled with the needed supplies and magnified by the refusal of several nations to pay any portion of their share, could mean that financial bankruptcy will become an even greater threat to the UN in the Congo than political bankruptcy. And a greater threat than both of them is the huge overburden of men and women in both Africa and New York who are only going through the motions of doing their jobs.

The UN's work has its good sides too

The UN's sins are probably no greater than those of any other great bureaucracy. Blunders that are forgiven and forgotten every day in Washington and Moscow, the seats of the only two bigger bureaucracies, bring the world to the verge of shooting when they occur on the banks of the East River and the banks of the Congo. The UN is in the predicament of Caesar's wife, surrounded by men with wax mustaches. Its hazards are very great and the penalties of not measuring up are even greater.

There is, incidentally, almost no evidence that the Russians and their allies can take much credit for creating this situation. More than four hundred Russian and Czech technicians were thrown out of the country by the Congolese themselves. The reports that Antoine Gizenga, ruler of Orientale province and successor to the late Patrice Lumumba, is merely a Communist stooge, cannot be supported by any known hard evidence. The UN's battle-scarred ex-chief of mission in Gizenga's province, Gustave Dhanis, probably knows the anatomy of the working Communist as well as any one in the world. He was a Spanish general he fought beside many of them against Francisco Franco and later as a refugee in New York had to fight twice (socially) against the charge of being a Communist too. Dhanis ruins job for weeks was dealing with Gizenga. "To call Gizenga a Communist" he insists, is to downgrade the Communists."

And to judge the UN solely on its military and political performance out here is to downgrade the United Nations. In many fields its work has been beyond praise. It have tried to touch on some of it in other articles beginning on pages 12 and 13.

Whatever its deficiencies have been, there cannot be the slightest doubt that in the first months of the crisis the United Nations saved thousands of Congolese from death by starvation or situation. Most of the hospitals run open again and doctors of the World Health Organization and the Red Cross are making at least some headway in serving them and training Congolese to help. The mails and telegraphs are working and when the Congolese soldiers don't burst in, so are the imports. At Léopoldville a huge program of swamp clearance has been started with two thousand men working on it. In a quick visit to half a dozen schools in Coquilhatville I saw teachers from Canada, Formosa, Belgium and the Congo itself breaking new ground for students ranging all the way from six to twenty-four in age.

The United Nations has done some truly magnificent things here. Yet it is hard to see how it can continue doing them if its members keep using it as a political football and so many of its employees and appointees just go on thinking up the days until the plane leaves.

In the little book of Lingala phrases the UN distributes to its people there are a number of things to be said in moments of emergency. One of them goes: "Nazangi bima bwato nzoh koleka." It means: "I need some new the canoe is leaking." ★



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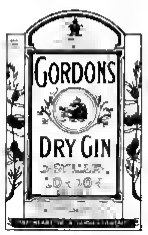
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The most appalling jungle war of all

Continued from page 12

In Equator provinces, five percent of the natives have leprosy; alcoholism is also a big problem

lucky he may never receive an ounce of medicine for any one.

He is almost sure to have malaria. According to Dr. Sarkis, the chances he won't get it are one in a thousand. He has a lesser but still substantial risk of yellow fever; enlargement of the spleen and, depending on how much methyl alcohol he takes with his palm wine, cirrhosis of the liver. (There is a far higher rate of alcoholism in the Congo than in Toronto or New York.) Hepatitis is common. Sleeping sickness is not rare, nor is bubonic plague. Cholera, smallpox, typhus and polio have been cut sharply by a vaccination program started by the Belgians and carried on, though less systematically, by the Congolese. But the dreadful parasitic diseases casually lumped under the name of filariasis and described in their extreme state as elephantiasis occur often too. Syphilis and yaws are common. So are half a dozen diseases of malnutrition, including the protein deficiency kwashiorkor.

There are also huge numbers of lepers in the Congo. I spent a day at the 1,000-acre leprosarium in Equateur, a province where more than one person in twenty is a leper. Leprosy is, like many tropical diseases, fairly easy to contain but almost impossible to cure. At the famous Léproserie d'Yonda, a handful of Flemish nuns and a single Parisian doctor—whose other duties in other hospitals allow him to spend only five half-days a week there — attend to 750 patients and pass the time of day with another thousand of their relatives who live in the grounds in huts and cabins. Dr. Bernard Sarthre has been ministering to lepers in Asia and Europe for thirteen years and like so many other doctors in the Congo he is surrounded by magnificent equipment which because of the lack of technical help, money, auxiliary supplies and authority, he cannot use. Sarthre solves this in part by putting first things first. Leprosy at the start attacks the nerves. If the machines built to measure the nerves aren't working, the whole chain of diagnosis and treatment starts breaking down. As do all doctors here, including Sarkis and Khazen at Gemena, Sarthre reverts to his own tribal or professional instinct and does what he can with whatever he can find. This means he must diagnose and treat leprosy with his own hands. With the most hopeless and repellent case at Yonda, his touch is as gentle and his smile and voice are as soft as if he were the court physician to a king or queen. After every contact he washes his hands in soap and water, but he tries to do it behind a screen so the patient won't have to share his embarrassment.

After a day with Dr. Sarthre and his patients I found I hadn't the courage to ask him one of my questions: that night we met again by accident and another person brought it up. "When will you get leprosy, doctor?"

He didn't smile it off, for it is not a smiling matter.

"Likely never," he said. "Maybe tomorrow."

But perhaps the medical problem here is not so much physical—real and desperate as that part of the problem is—as it is mental. Whoever created the myth that the Congolese are a simple uncaring people living simply and uncaringly in their village is wholly wrong. They might have been, though this is highly doubtful a hundred years ago. But their sad history shows that the world outside and the world within have brushed against and bruised them horribly and enfeebly. They've been treated about as badly as any group in the annals of man's inhumanity to man. Their country's found negligent and father image old King Léopold II still glares at them above his mattress beard in an attitude of stern, unceasing rectitude. His statues adorn their Europeanized cities; his whiskers bristle defiantly from their coiffuring currency; his name is celebrated in some of their best hotels and avenues and is the name of their national capital. This is the pious old hood's reward for slaughtering seven million of a total population that once neared twenty million. He took the place over as a private concession in the late 1880s and set his villages quotas of rubber, ivory and palm oil. To see that they met them, he organized a personal army, the Force Publique, on tribal lines. And a village, missed its quota, a Force Publique contingent from another tribe went in to burn the village down and to pound it as hard to hit as human hearts, the hands of its inhabitants, often including those of the smallest children. The Force Publique—now called the Congolese National Army—has never recovered from the murderous traditions old Léo gave it, nor has the country recovered from its legacy of tribal hatred.

Now, in the eleven months since these unhappy people were tricked into believing a potion called Independence would solve all their ills, the tribal hatreds have been growing, the old fears and superstitions have been growing, the excesses of an army indoctrinated in excesses have ebbed and flowed but have not essentially changed and a maze of new saviors, new boundaries and new troubles batters at the natives minds like the steady beating of their ancient drums.

Before I came out here an old Congo hand at the United Nations headquarters in New York told me, not joking in the least: "The main problem of the Congo is not a political problem. It's a psychiatric problem." After a few weeks here I quoted the remark to a neurologist from Holland. Dr. Henri Hongerell. Hongerell is working for the World Health Organization at the giddily undermanned Hospital Leo II—the old scoundrel's name is everywhere — in Coquilhatville, on the equator.

"It is a psychiatric problem," Hongerell said. "I came out here, I hope, partly for good humanitarian reasons—to make sick people well if I could. But I have to admit I'm here also through scientific curiosity, through an interest in original research. We're so crowded and short of help here that I seldom have time really to talk to a patient. Usually I look at him, make a quick diagnosis, prescribe a drug in the hope means likely event that we have it, and wish him good day. But sometimes I take fifteen or twenty minutes to talk to him—really talk to him about what's troubling him. When I can do that, it's amazing how often I can send him away neither needing nor wanting a prescription."

Sarkis and Khazen, working two hundred miles further in the jungle at Gemena, are inclined to feel the same way. "These people live short unhappy lives and die like dogs," Sarkis says. "It's no wonder they're under stress. I haven't any figures on the stress diseases here—and I don't think anyone has—but there are two conclusions that the statistics when and if they are ever prepared might suggest. First the rate here probably isn't as great as it is in the West. Second it's growing. Heart disease of all kinds is not unknown, including hardening of the arteries. We don't see cancer often but it does occur and so do stomach ulcers, kidney troubles, epilepsy and schizophrenia. We've had people come in here in alcoholic comas. The Congolese troops who broke into the hospital after we first arrived and threatened to shoot us were doped with *chanvre indien*, a kind of hashish that is popular here and induces the user to run amok."

"And we hardly ever get a patient," Khazen adds ruefully, "who hasn't been first to his local witch doctor. We're just the last resort."

Sarkis and Khazen are not optimistic about the permanence of trouble that lies in wait for the Congolese of the jungle and the bush. Trouble that the people trying to care for them must be ready for. Crocodiles and leopards are a minor hazard. During my four-day visit with the Red Cross team at Gemena the stream of patients included two with snakebite and three with machete wounds. Cases of hernia are frequent for the Congolese are not a strong or well-fed people and when the men tackle really hard labor—a duty usually reserved for the uncomplaining

It is almost impossible to predict the permutations of trouble that lie in wait for the Congolese of the jungle and the bush. Trouble that the people trying to care for them must be ready for. Crocodiles and leopards are a minor hazard. During my four-day visit with the Red Cross team at Gemena the stream of patients included two with snakebite and three with machete wounds. Cases of hernia are frequent for the Congolese are not a strong or well-fed people and when the men tackle really hard labor—a duty usually reserved for the uncomplaining

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woman—that fragile abdominal walls are apt to collapse.

Perhaps the most painful single case Sarkis and Khazen handled during their stay in Gemena was that of a resident whose son Major General Joseph Mobutu decided to adopt Mobutu the present commander-in-chief of the national army and former military dictator of the country. As a native of Gemena and he came home last winter for a feast of wild corn key and to visit his mother.

The marriage customs in Equator are fairly loose, and one consequence of them is that with a natural father's consent another man can adopt his son as "nourishment father." The second man thereby accepts responsibility for the child's support.

Mobutu in his last visit to his old home saw a boy to whom he took an instant liking and with a grandiloquent gesture proclaimed: "This child is mine. I take him as his nourishment father." The boy's natural father objected, however. Mobutu's army promptly arrested him and tied him up hand and foot so tightly and so long that he developed cerebral malaria, a form of neuritis that gave him almost unendurable sensations of burning in the fingers. The hospital could do little for him except urge him to find his way to Léopoldville for the difficult operation. Gemena was not equipped to do it. In the meantime it arranged to supply him with sedatives to ease the worst hours of agony. One night the man's old mother—the grandmother of the victim's child—persuaded one of the few native truck owners in the district to drive her to the hospital so that she could replenish the needed supply of medicine. The driver got drunk on fermented palm juice, crashed up the truck and the woman was killed. On Mobutu's whim a man has lost his son and his mother and has apparently been doomed to a life of physical torture.

For a conscientious doctor the cycle of tragedy in the outposts of the Congo sometimes seems almost too much to bear. I watched Sarkis and Khazen work for two and a half hours to patch together a man who had fallen from the top of a high palm tree and broken his pelvis, an arm and a leg, and suffered terrible internal lacerations as well. Khazen in a white smock and surgical mask did the internal operation. Sarkis, stripped to the waist in the equatorial heat, did the bandaging and plaster-casting, while one Congolese male nurse held the patient's arms and another his legs. They had been unable to give him a general anaesthetic for the supply had run out and there was no oxygen either. Yet the man, though his face was contorted with pain throughout the desperate ordeal, never uttered a sound. "And now," Sarkis said an hour afterward, on the edge of tears, "this man still may die. And if he does it will not be of his injuries or of his operation. It will be of starvation. He has no relatives here to feed him and no means of buying food, and the hospital makes no provision for feeding. If Khazen or I or Dr. Tilkin started making exceptions from our own meagre supplies in a hospital population of nearly four hundred we'd have total chaos in no time."

The next day a man in an adjoining ward died of malnutrition complicated by an enlarged heart, one of the parasitic diseases and a failing liver. His name was Joseph Sendalo and his wife and brother had brought him in from the village of Bodjema near the Ubangi River. He died just at dawn. He was, nominally, a Roman Catholic and one of the sisters summoned a Capuchin priest from a nearby mission just in time to give him the last sacrament.

But now, on the rusty cot covered by his loincloth, the wasted body of Joseph Sendalo was back where it had started. His wife stood, her breasts bared in the traditional sign of grief, beside the bed and led the mourning. His brother lay on the bed beside him, holding the body close, and his son lay on the floor below. Other friends and relatives clustered around.

The words of their Lingala chant were words of resignation. But the accents were of timeless ultra anguish.

Joseph Joseph nkende mulimu bisa lokilumba wo na usaua. Joseph, Joseph, go ahead before us. It is well. We will follow you after. *Elua e-all apa na bisa banso.* Death is to be for all of us."

But the story of Gemena, though it is far from happy is not one of unrelieved gloom. Sarkis, Khazen, their Red Cross colleagues in Ibi-Ilanga, Léopoldville and the United Nations had been trying vainly for a month to get in fresh supplies—at least the barest medical essentials.

When I told the Red Cross in Leopoldville that I intended to try getting through the unpredictable gauntlet of red tape and Congolese soldiers and visit Gemena by the twice-a-week DC-4 of Air Congo they asked me to take in a message suggesting a procedure under which a special UN supply plane might later be allowed to land. Sarkis followed the drill and after a series of consultations with the local Congolese commander he at last managed to get permission for Dr. Jean-Louis de Chesdonay to fly in two days after my departure in a specially painted plane with five tons of supplies including five hundred kilograms of medicine and oxygen and anaesthetics.

For the next while things will be looking up a bit in Gemena. By the time this is printed, according to their schedule, Dr. Sarkis will be back in Montreal and Dr. Khazen will be back in Winnipeg, but the Red Cross and the World Health Organization intend to go on doing as much as they can afford to do in Africa and as much as the suspicious little nationalist Congolese administration will permit them to do. It will never be enough to meet the need but, considering the hazards and the difficulties, it is still a very great deal. ★

PARADE

Flight into danger

Plea for springtime from the letters column of the Vancouver Sun: "I feel compelled to strike a blow in defense of the butterflies shortly to be born. It has been most distressing in years past to see numbers of the prettiest striving vainly against the plate glass store windows to reach the artificial



flowers adorning the new spring models of ladies' hats inside. Would I be asking too much of our milliners to consider the newborn but briefly and defer displaying the new hats with floral adornment until the young insects have got wise to the facts of life and the artifices of man?"

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"Drums were beating in the valley below, exactly as they did in the Boy's Own Annual of 1922"

mant and asked the secretary if he would please make sure that Monsieur was actually and in fact engaged. With an amiable shrug, the secretary got up went to the door, bent down and looked through the keyhole and then escorted me into a room in which the only occupant, besides Mr. N'dele, was a man who was trying and persistently failing to hang a curtain and who continued to try and fail throughout our interview.

It was only by accident a week or so later that I discovered the meaning of N'dele's name in Lingala, the regional *lingua franca*. N'dele means two things: the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow. If ever a man and his country were confronted simultaneously with the burdens of both these days they are Albert N'dele and the Congo.

Like all other transients here I have to admit that my own transient little troubles have occupied me far too much. These include such rudimentary things as the staggering heat in the tropical bush as well as the lurking python and the deadly tsetse fly, all of which up to now I had believed to be the melodramatic inventions of the men I used to read in Chums and the Boy's Own Annual.

One night I woke up in a steamy tomb house three hundred miles in the bush beyond the last UN frontier of Coquilhatville. Drums were beating in the valley below, exactly as in the Boy's Own Annual of 1922. Less than five months ago human flesh had been on sale like beef in the public market of the village of Bongobo twenty miles away. (This is one of those silly lose-pat romances that visiting reporters grab at too eagerly, but I checked it speculatively and independently with the Belgian former chief administrator and judge of the district, with two Canadian doctors, with a Belgian doctor, with three Congolese couples with a Belgian nun and a Belgian priest, with a Portuguese white hunter and a Lolita type Gombe hat-girl. They all said the stories of open commercialized cannibalism were true. Three claimed to have seen the evidence, for themselves, and they all wondered why it should be doubted.)

Anyway the drums woke me up and I hollered insouciantly through the mosquito net to my boss, René Borrey, "Qu'est-ce qui se passe la bas monsieur? On fait beaucoup de bruit."

Dormez, Borrey suggested politely. In the morning we'll have time to find out what's going on."

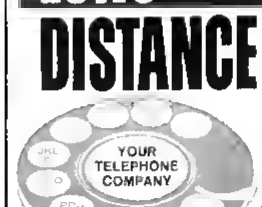
In the morning we found out that a few Gombe hunters had moved into the mountains against two of Borrey's little Kohomme cattle, hacked out the choicest cuts and left the rest behind. The economic loss was not serious, but to Borrey the spiritual loss was like another of many hammer blows. "Avant," he said, "this could not have happened. *En ces temps* it would have been incredible. *Avant* does not need an object here, when you speak of *ces temps* everyone knows what times are spoken of. *Before* the flight of the Belgians, *before* the liberation, *at the time* of the old regime."

"Perhaps at last they'll drive me out," Borrey said sorrowfully. The day before, at their home a hundred and fifty kilometres away I had met his charming amiable wife and their quadroon daughter Hilda. I have been here thirteen years and they have been here all their lives. If I could be sure Belgium would treat them as kindly as the Congo has treated me—I just don't know what we'll do or when."

That conclusion—"I just don't know"—comes crashing in everywhere with stunning weight. "We're down to six knives and six forks. A well-to-do businessman in Katanga told me. 'We've got five bedrooms in our house but only six spoons. When we get the first mortars after liberation I packed my wife and children and we ran south into Rhodesia. Then I came back and discovered to my amazement that everything was still there. But since then I've been shipping my belongings gradually to Belgium. We're not really living here any more; we're



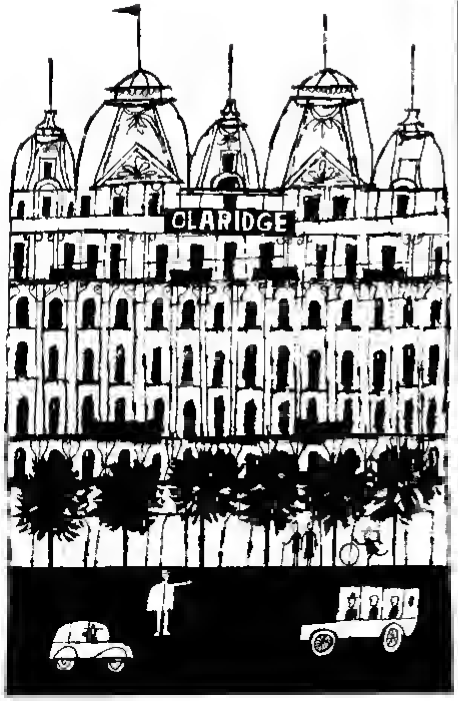
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just camping out I'd like to stay another fifteen years but I'm ready to move in fifteen minutes and when we do go that's how fast we'll go."

One dark night in the fragrant flowered city of Elisabethville I was looking for the British consulate and ran into a couple of other campers-out. They were a two-man patrol of young Irishmen from the sorely beleaguered and greatly detested United Nations force. "My God in Heaven, man," the 21-year old corporal said as we parted, "don't ask me what I'm doin' here. If I ever get back to Dublin they'll have to put me in one of them rocket things to get me out again."

I had a good if wary talk the next day with three officers of Moise Tshombe's Foreign Legion. Since they have been officially condemned and ordered to get out by the United Nations Security Council, Tshombe's mercenaries are under instructions to pretend they don't exist at least until their boss wins or gives up the key struggle for the Congo's wealth and power. But in Tshombe's rich, central province of Katanga they are visible everywhere in their bush hats, red epaulets, camouflage jackets and desert boots. Some of their Belgian predecessors have heeded their country's and the UN's order to go home, but some have just refused and Tshombe's tough army is still well led by Europeans, white Africans and Englishmen. Of the three officers I persuaded to talk to me (on the condition that I wouldn't ask or try to find out their names) one was from South Africa, one was a white hunter from Kenya and the third was a recent public-school graduate just out from England. Two of the three were all the standard badges of service in the Eighth Army and one of them had the Military Cross. The ribbons weren't needed to prove they were hard and experienced.

Will we fight?" the senior one repeated in reply to my question. "Of course we will. That's what we're paid for, and the pay is good and it comes on time."

How did they expect to make out in the event of a showdown? "Well," the senior officer said, "we've already licked the northern tribes. We can lick them again. We can lick the Léopold army and the Orientala army, any combination of them."

What about the United Nations troops? "Well, I hope it doesn't come to that. These Irishmen are very good. They're good people and good soldiers and it'd be no fun to tangle with them. Besides, if they use their planes to reinforce"

Out at the Kipushi airport the tough, bewildered young UN Irishmen were still marching with fixed bayonets and practising their native game of hurling in the little tented camp near by. Tshombe's tough old soldiers of fortune from the old armies of the desert were still striding past them with their bush hats cocking slaw and their lasted heinteis eyes carefel and alert.

For a person traveling on the edges of the explosion — not just the explosion of the Congo but perhaps of most of Africa — it becomes instructive, now and then, to pause and ask if there's anything really to take heart in.

Likely not. But you can pick up an occasional lesson if you listen carefully. The most useful one I have had came from Gustavo Deiten, who for five months headed the thickest and most dangerous of all the United Nations missions, in Orientale province and on the raging frontier between the homicidal Baluba and Lulua. In the Spanish Civil War Deiten was the youngest general on the Loyalist side. There he lost magnificently—and perhaps time will prove he's lost again here.



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The advice he gave me as he went out and I went in through Léopoldville was this: "Play the place by ear. Don't expect anybody to do the expected. Don't do the expected thing yourself."

He was thinking partly of the negotiations he'd conducted to save the lives of eight Belgian paratroopers who were captured and brought to Stanleyville in the first main wave of trouble. Their execution looked like a matter of hours and Dayan herried to intercede with Major General Victor Lundula, the local commander in chief. At first he seemed to be getting nowhere.

"Then," he said, "I decided to be devious and Congolese. These men are in the wrong. I told the general: 'They have done a very bad thing. But they meant no harm to any person here. They were only trying to protect their own people.'

"Now," Dayan went on, "I played my trump card. Besides," I said, "their lives are worth nothing to you. You are fully entitled to impose a heavy fine on them—a very heavy fine. Fine them ten million francs, twenty million francs, and their government will have no choice but to pay."

"I thought that would do it," Dayan continued, "and it did do it, but in a different way than I had imagined. Instead of grabbing at the bribe, Lundula looked me in the eye and said: 'We do not barter lives for money. If we spare those men they will go free absolutely and no money will change hands.' By being devious and Congolese against my better nature, I had unwittingly forced Lundula to be noble and Spanish against his worst nature. The Belgian paratroopers are still in prison, but they are getting cigarettes and even a ration of whisky."

The minor perils of travel

Dayan's injunction to play things here by ear stood me in good stead one hot and moonlit night when I was riding a train through the High Katanga. I was on the way to see the fabulous copper and cobalt mines of Union Minière near Kolwezi and the only way to get there was to get aboard one of the few trains still running here, pay your fare and hope for the best.

Up to about 2 a.m. the best was not too bad. The ancient South-to-Oxbow type train was steaming and lurching to a halt at every grass-thatched whistlestop but the giant anthills and the moonlit palm trees waved us gently on. I'd had a pleasant good night chat with the other occupant of the sleeping compartment, a young Basanga clerk, and we were both at last on the verge of some much needed sleep. Then in an instant the whole place was in an African uproar. A lady the size of Mau Mountain, Dear was glowering above my berth, shouting that it belonged to her and to the two well-fed children right behind her. The conductor, who already had my ticket but pretended he hadn't, was behind the children. Behind him, as there always is anywhere, any time and for any reason, there stood a Congolese soldier, waving a gun.

Remembering Dayan's advice, I called on my few words of Lingala, Luba and Tshoke and my pidgin French and delivered the following chunstem: "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't care how many people sleep in this berth tonight, but I'm going to be one of them." With that they clattered grumpily down the corridor—and as I discovered in the morning, dispossessed a minor official of the civil service.

As I started out to say, it's not exactly like Bernieres-sur-Mer, the Balaine Gap or the Breskens Pocket, but it's every bit as memorable. ★



THE COVER: The faces of Africa, a dark land darkened by strife

To outsiders, the tens of millions of black or brown people who inhabit Africa south of the Sahara are generally "Negroes" or "natives." But there are as many races in tropical Africa as there are in any comparable section of the earth and far more languages. These pictures, taken by Maclean's photo editor Don Newlands and Toronto wanderer Peter Stollery on recent journeys, show a few of Africa's people. Clockwise from top left: an old man from Gabon; an Arab from the Red Sea coast; a Masai girl in Kenya; a Force Publique soldier in the Congo; a young Masai warrior; a Nigerian boy; a Ghanaian policewoman; a Congolese student. All except the Arab fit the outsider's view of an African, but most have little in common except perhaps hope.

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How vanity screen tests work: an "actress" debuts

Last winter Maclean's editorial assistant Shirley Maer wrote a couple of dozen poems as fast as she could type and sent them to a vanity publisher who told her she was a genius and offered to print them if she'd invest the necessary $1,440. Now there's another kind of "vanity" business—this one designed for aspiring actors. At least 50 people this year in Toronto have paid $45 each to have a screen test of themselves. Each has signed a contract that says she or he will receive, within six months, a 16mm film to show to producers. We asked Miss Maer to see how dramatic talents stood up. Her report

An advertisement that has been appearing in the three Toronto daily newspapers says HOLLYWOOD NEEDS NEW FACES. I called the number listed in the ad and said I had a lot of ambition but no experience. I was given an appointment. The address was a suite in the Regency Towers Hotel. It had a sign on the door saying International Cinegraphic Arts. A girl I faintly heard called Miss LeRoy answered the door and motioned me into a chair while she went into the other room. In a few minutes she asked me to come in and I was introduced to Mr. Hans D. Schuch, a middle-aged and handsome man, with horn-rimmed glasses and what might be called artist's hands. Mr. Schuch and I sat across the room from each other and Miss LeRoy sat at a desk between us and began to peck desultorily at a typewriter.

Mr. Schuch asked why I was there. I said I'd thought about trying for a Hollywood career for some time.

"Who are your favorite actresses?"

I said it might date me but I liked



Audrey Hepburn, Mary Martin and best of all, Jane Allyson.

"Tell me about yourself," he said.

I said I didn't want to say where I worked because I didn't want anyone at the office to know I was doing this.

He asked me about my hobbies and I told him I liked horses and swimming. He perked up at this. "You like sports?" he said. "Yes," I said.

We chatted for a while about the acting business and he told me it was very tough. He said if he pinched me, not "there" (meaning Hollywood) that I'd have to work very hard and might start as low as $75 a week—or maybe $100 or $125, but no more. He said there were very few people who made it.

I said I didn't want to waste his time.

"I can't promise you you'll make good," he said, "but I certainly don't think you're wasting my time." He said the main thing was to get my picture in the files of a studio.

All through the interview Mr. Schuch stared at me, watching my every move. He had an intimidating way to speak, for six months. Actually, we try to plan your life a half year, but the law says we can only hold you for six months." He'd take 10% of my salary.

"I can't promise you stardom," he said, "but I'm willing to represent you." Then, speaking very quickly, he told me I would have to present him with a film of myself, about 50 feet, showing me in different poses, registering different emotions.

I asked where I could get that done. "Anyone will do it for you," he said. "Look in the yellow pages. It will cost from $400 to $600."

I said I couldn't afford that. He said he could give me a screen test for $45. His were cheaper because he did these for him at night.

Miss LeRoy asked if next Wednesday at eight o'clock would be all right.

"You have an unusual face," said Mr. Schuch. "You have a good profile. You have big eyes, big blue eyes. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," I said.

"You don't look twenty-eight. More like twenty-six."

I said Wednesday would be fine, but I didn't go for my test. Mr. Schuch might think I looked 26, but I was feeling old. ☛

The Avro men who wouldn't quit

A strange little aircraft that looks something like a three-wheeled power boat with a prop on top is buzzing about the skies of Georgetown, Ont., these days. With it go the hopes of 20 people, 17 of whom were almost out of hope 28 months ago, when the federal government decided not to build the Arrow at the A. V. Roe plant in nearby Malton (or anywhere else). The aircraft is the Avian 2/180, latest prototype of something that's been called a gyroplane and a helicopter and is in fact a small and easy-to-handle helicopter. The 2/180 will carry a load of 600 pounds and cruise at 130 mph. It takes off vertically, but will cost much less than a helicopter, probably as little as $10,000.

The 20 people are the employees of Avian Aircraft Ltd., all but three of whom were among the 13,600 laid off by Avro when the Arrow contract was dropped.

Before the layoffs a few of them—mostly designers—had talked about building a gyroplane. But as George Sampson, Avian's 31-year-old vice-president who was in the project office at Avro, says: "We'd probably never have done anything about it if it was just an interest."

Then, after what the Avian men still refer to as Black Friday, they realized their "interest" was perhaps their only alternative to emigration: a path that hundreds of other Avro engineers chose. They talked a group of Georgetown businessmen, headed by F. S. Walter, president of the Thimm-Electric companies of both the U.S. and Canada, into backing them. Walter is president of Avian, but is largely silent. The working executive is made up of former Avro employees—almost all of whom are in their thirties.

The 2/180 is still undergoing tests (an initial model crashed) and won't be ready for commercial production for some time, but a survey of possible buyers convinced the Avian executives that they can sell more than 1,000 once it's perfected. In the meantime all the engineers and designers from the small plant in Georgetown have been asked back to Avro, but no one's gone yet. ☛

FOOTNOTES

About the primitive Indians: Thirteen young Stony Indians from southern Alberta recently completed a course in how to guide white men through their wild, native country. Their instructor was Claude Brewster, a millionaire caterer to tourists who is white. Brewster learned the art of guiding from his father, who learned it at the turn of the century from a Stony Indian chief.

About overheads: It will cost the newly amalgamated Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce roughly a million dollars to put up new signs on its 1,200 branches.

About migraine headaches: Now they're supposed to be a clue to character. If you get migraine, says a U.S. neurologist, you're probably one or more of these things: bright, frustrated, orderly and conscientious.

About money. Think *your* money doesn't last? The bank of Canada this year will burn nearly a billion dollars in lucre that's too filthy to use any more. Life expectancy of a dollar bill is only 11 months; of a two, 10 months; of a ten, 18 months; of a twenty, more than two years. Coins last as long as 40 years.

About sexual deviation. Two recent studies at the Lennox Island of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital have cast some new light on some old theories about deviates' early lives. Researchers found most of their conclusions are tentative (they emphasize) that 1) a boy's attitude toward his father is more likely to influence him in the direction of developing than his attitude toward his mother; 21 is true that homosexuals tend to be above average in intelligence and to be fond of books, music and art; 3) it is false that exhibitionists, usually in downtown areas—courts have referred more patients to the clinic from suburbs than from the city; 4) youth groups like the Boy Scouts or Sunday schools attract some pedophiles (child molesters) as leaders, but the pedophiles of Innes are seldom committed with children they meet there.

News from the labor front: the internes are restless

The toughest block on the road to becoming a doctor is the year and sometimes more a student must spend as a hospital intern. In Ontario and the west and at McGill he gets his MD first, then goes into a hospital; at Dalhousie and the French language universities of Quebec, the MD is held back until his been an intern for a year. But everywhere the internee's fate is not a happy one. He works a minimum of eighty hours a week (and is often on duty for another thirty), and he works hard. Last year a Toronto newspaper sent a reporter to spend a day with an intern. By midnight, while the intern worked on, the reporter had collapsed. Pay ranges from $40 a month (plus room and board) in the hospitals in the Maritimes to $200 in Saskatchewan. The national average is under 50 cents an hour—less than half the minimum wage in most provinces for unskilled labor. Yet 60% of Canada's interns (who are mostly from 24 to 30 years old) are married and 60% of them are parents.

Now at least some of the internes are fighting back.

For more than three decades, a loose organization called the Canadian Association of Medical Students and Internes has concentrated on such side issues as group insurance. By and large, it has left working conditions and wages alone. But the current trend is to smaller, local organizations that may use some of the techniques of organized labor.

Perhaps the most militant is the Association des Internes du Montréal, a group of more than 400 of the 450 students at the twelve major French teaching hospitals in Montreal. Last September, the Quebec government announced plans for hospital insurance which would mean that hospital budgets, including internes' salaries, would be affected by government policy. Almost immediately AIM put forward a suggested scale of minimum living wages, ranging from $125 a month for a junior interne to $350 for a resident and asked for a $40 living allowance for married internes.

Most hospital authorities commanded them for their reasonable demands. In March the government's schedule was announced: it was higher than existing rates but well below what the internes were asking. Incensed, the internes demanded a hearing with the hospital

plans director and began to talk of ways of striking. Two weeks later, the scale was increased — to almost as much as the internes had asked for.

There's activity elsewhere, too. In Ontario, interns have sent representatives before separate, hospital boards and before the Ontario Hospital Services Commission, asking for better pay, shorter hours and, generally, better treatment—we're rated at the hospital just below ward aides," one Ontario interne told Maclean's.

None of the internes want to change the system or abolish it. The experience far wider than they'd get by going right into general practice is too valuable. After so many years of school, they say, one more year with little pay doesn't hurt. tonnh ☛

THE ELECTION GAME OPENS

Both big parties think they have the winning move



The backstairs election palaver that customarily occupies much of the time and most of the energy of official Ottawa has suddenly taken on the fuzzy outlines of a forest fire feeding on itself. Even the least sensitive nostrils to be found in this city have detected a fast-approaching general election campaign.

The weird mathematics of that campaign are continuously being calculated and re-calculated with each participant skillfully manipulating the electoral equation to suit his purpose. While most members of the two major parties are confident that their team will be asked to form the new government, their reasoning is based on remarkably different premises.

The majority of Conservatives are surprisingly pessimistic for a party that achieved the greatest electoral sweep in Canadian history only three and a half years ago. They do expect to be re-elected, of course, but they admit—privately if not publicly—that it may be a very close contest indeed.

Their tabulation of the likely result of an early election begins with a basic assumption that the Liberals won't lose much of their 1958 support. In that campaign the Liberals received 33% of the popular vote, and anyone who voted Liberal in 1958 will probably still vote Liberal. The Conservatives then grant themselves an equally rock-ribbed 33%. That's a fair assumption because even in the worst days of their political exile the Conservatives used to get about 30% of the ballots cast. They allot the New Party approximately 15% of the popular vote, made up of the 10% that in recent elections has gone to the CCF plus an extra 5% to account for the new life injected into the movement by its labor affiliation and its new leader, almost certainly Tommy Douglas. Social Credit is given a 4% vote, double the 1958 figure largely because of the party's increased activities in rural Quebec.

This leaves 15% undecided. These are the voters who will determine the outcome of the election. The Conservatives think they'll be able to attract about two thirds of this uncommitted total. That would give them 43% of the popular vote (compared to the 38% they predict for the Liberals) and about 150 seats in the Commons. This is 60 fewer than they have now, but more than enough to form a government.

Many Conservatives believe that formation of the New Party will help them in Quebec because its vote will split their opposition, allowing French-Canadian Conservative MPs to slip in with a minority vote. (Because the same reasoning applies to the resurgent Social Credit party in Quebec, which in more likely to split the Conservative vote, Liberal candidates may also be counting on the advantage of minority victories.)

Predictably, Liberal strategists disagree with this entire Conservative assessment. It's nonsense, they say, to base forecasts on percentages of the popular vote. The proper way to predict the outcome of an election is to study each province and guess how the seats will be split up.

For Ontario, these Liberals predict a gain of at least nineteen seats, although Bruce Powe, the executive director of the Ontario Liberal Association, estimates the total could be as high as forty—twenty five more than in 1958.

With the federal and recently victorious provincial organizations now amalgamated and the Union National electoral machine virtually destroyed, the Liberals expect to increase their present House of Commons complement from Quebec by as many as 40 members—for a total of 65. They are confident they can win at least four extra seats in New Brunswick (two each in Nova Scotia and PEI) and one more (St. John's West) in Newfoundland.

They hold out hopes for making significant gains in Saskatchewan. John Diefenbaker's home province, where they expect to pick up seven seats. Although they now hold no riding west of Kenora, Ont., the Liberals also predict they'll take two seats in Alberta, four in B.C. and nine in Manitoba. These extra seats added to the fifty they now occupy in the Commons, would give the Liberals 140 members—enough to govern the country since the opposition would be divided.

With both of the traditional parties forecasting themselves into power by a narrow margin, there have been some whispers of the Liberals ensuring their return to power by forming a post-election coalition with the New Party. It's a highly unlikely prospect. New Party brass has already made it clear that in the campaign they plan to make the Liberals their chief target. They'll be attacking the Conservatives but ridiculing the Liberals—hardly an auspicious start for an eventual coalition. "We don't want to form a coalition with anybody. Parliament will work better if there are two main parties with real differences, and the New Party is needed to achieve that," says Stanley Knowles, the movement's ardent godfather.

The Liberals are even less anxious to talk coalition. They point out that had they ever endorsed such a move they might have stayed in office in 1957 when the CCF's twenty five seats plus their own 105 would have given them a coalition of 130, against Diefenbaker's 112.

Many Liberals scoff at the significance of the New Party. (Pearson once hailed it "the CCF in a union suit") and disagree strongly with the Conservative contention that New Party votes will all be at the expense of the Liberals. Then they say, it will be particularly true in western Canada.

Despite the protestations against coalition, another possibility exists. The New Party might wish to allow a strong Liberal minority to form the government, and vote with it but not enter its cabinet.

One of the unknown factors of the forthcoming election is the place of Social Credit, now clearly reawakening after its disappearance in the 1958 campaign. There are two theories about the Social Credit vote. One that it gets its ballots across all party lines, because its religious flavor appeals to a wide selection of electors, the other that it takes most of its votes away from the Conservatives because it is the only party in the political right remaining in Canada.

The Socreds will have 70 federal candidates nominated by the time they begin their Ottawa leadership convention early in July. They plan eventually to field two hundred candidates—nearly twice as many as they ran in the 1957 election, the previous maximum. At that time they managed to elect nineteen members and garnered nearly half a million votes. They've since been pumping out party propaganda over twenty locally sponsored weekly radio and TV programs, with special emphasis on Quebec.

One factor that shouldn't be discounted in gauging the next election is that the Conservatives will be sending into electoral battle four times as many sitting MPs as the Liberals. Even if he's made sure as many of the men who followed John Diefenbaker to Ottawa in 1958 have turned out to be a strong member has considerable advantages over his office-hungry opponent. As well as dispensing what ever patronage may be available, the MP can talk to his constituents as an Ottawa insider—and call on cabinet ministers to take a special interest in the problems of his riding.

To win a clear majority in the next election the Liberals would have to defeat at least 90 Conservative members. This kind of turnover last occurred in the 1935 election, when Mackenzie King's Liberals were swept back to power and R. B. Bennett's Conservatives lost 98 of the 137 seats they'd won in 1930. Even in the dramatic Diefenbaker crusade of 1957 the Liberals lost only 65 seats although the diminished force of 1958 deposed another 57 members.

Now in the home for all good Grits to ask themselves how they can equal this fabled feat.

How Green almost got hit in the Cuba-U. S. fight

The outward show of warmth, cordiality, harmony, admiration and trust between Canada and the United States, prompted by President John F. Kennedy's visit to Ottawa, brushed offstage and out of sight something that might otherwise have marred Washington to fire a sharp barrage of criticism north across the border. As it turned out, U.S. policy-makers flunked with anger but unwilling to inject a sour note into the friendly festivities at Canada's capital had to content themselves with muttering in private.

What ruffled their temperament was a brief interview that Canada's cold-mannered external affairs minister, Howard C. Green, gave at Geneva to an Associated Press correspondent. Green was quoted as saying that Canada will be ready to mediate the U.S.-Cuban feud when the dust settles and that "we would hope to be able to solve this problem."

To a Canadian, the remarks seemed harmless enough, a simple statement that if Canada can help bring about a reconciliation of two bawling neighbors, Canada will be willing to try. But that wasn't how U.S. policy-makers read it. And they had it. Green was telling the world that the U.S. line vis-a-vis Cuba is based on exaggerations, distortions and unwarranted fears and not worth taking seriously. This line is that there is no quarrel between Cuba and the United States only a vastly larger quarrel between the forces of freedom in the western hemisphere and the forces of European and Asian communism that are invading the western hemisphere.

At the moment Green was being interviewed the U.S. Department of State was striving desperately to muster the support of nineteen Latin American republics in a campaign against Castro. Although Congress had whipped through a whopping Latin American aid bill, and the U.S. had half a billion dollars to dangle unlovingly in front of the Latinos, the response to the State Department's overtures had ranged from lukewarm to hostility. So there was already tension in Washington and disappointment and frayed nerves and then the Howard Green interview hit the newspapers.

What's he trying to do, scuttle us?" one U.S. official demanded. Another predicted that Green's comments would impair U.S. prospects of persuading the Organization of American States to censure Castro. But, since those pronouncements were negligible, it seems unlikely that much harm was done and it even seems possible that the words attributed to Green may have splashed cold water on some of the hotheads advocating a return to gunboat diplomacy.



A vexing question: Who can eavesdrop how much?

For snoopers, the Millennium would appear to be at hand. One gadget that can be made for $25 will transform your telephone into a mike which even when the phone is on the hook will pick up the conversations in your house and convey them to a listener miles away.

Another gadget called a spike mike can be driven like a nail into the wall of a building. It's a matter of court record that a spike hammered into one dwelling enabled an investigator to hear all that was going on inside on not one but two floors.

By using still another instrument it's possible to hide in a patch of bushes in a park and tune in on the whispered sweet talk of the couples holding hands on distant benches. This same instrument will pick up a conversation on the other side of a closed door or through the closed windows of a parked car.

More contraptions of this kind are being developed constantly; which raises the perplexing question of who, if anybody, should be permitted to possess and use them and under what circumstances.

In the United States this is being weighed by the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights which has before it three bills dealing with electronic eavesdropping — a phrase that includes wiretapping.

As the U.S. law stands now, the privilege of electronic eavesdropping is pretty well restricted to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the FBI is supposed to resort to it only when national security is involved. Each of the three new bills would permit electronic eavesdropping on a far larger scale though continuing to limit it to "authorized officers." When they differ is in whether the right should belong exclusively to federal officers or be extended as well to state and municipal officers and what sort of court procedure an officer should have to go through to obtain an eavesdropping warrant.

The attitude of most of the legislators, myself but probably realistic is that it can't be restrained from electronic eavesdropping and that emphasis should share the benefits of scientific advances. Actually, the existing statute doesn't hamper the cops much, judging from testimony before the subcommittee.

Herman Schwartz, a New York attorney representing the American Civil Liberties Union, said that in one two-year period for which statistics were available, New York City police tapped 3,588 telephones—almost half of them public telephones. He thought that most Americans would be startled if they knew the extent of wiretapping activities. Herbert J. Miller Jr., assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division, U.S. Department of Justice, happened to be present. He was asked if he had any information on wiretapping by the FBI. Miller had obviously anticipated this.

"I did mail up the FBI experts" he admitted "and I said 'Can you tell me if you are wiretapping today and how many taps do you have' and if so in what field?' They said yes and gave me figures and then said it was all right to release them. They had, as of yesterday, 85 wiretaps. They were all specifically authorized by the attorney general.

The point underlined by Herman Schwartz and one that needs consideration not just in the U.S. but wherever the issue arises, is that electronic eavesdropping invades privacy and endangers liberty.

"To make such practices lawful," Schwartz said "is to move closer toward a police state where constant government intrusion and surveillance inhibit and constrict a free people — by those devices (microphones, wiretaps and the rest) the most private and intimate utterances often deliberately confined to one's home are exposed to the ears of listening police. Inevitably miniature television and image recording instrumentation will soon be developed and the omnipresent telescreen of George Orwell's 1984 will be with us."

As against the grim prospect the sponsors of the three bills and the U.S. Department of Justice argue that more electronic eavesdropping by authorized officers of the law would mean less crime. All this the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights has to decide in whether the remedy isn't worse than the disease.

Two faces of the color barrier

On a Sunday afternoon not long ago I went, with several hundred other people to a party in the assembly hall of a Washington school. It was held by an outfit called Neighbors Incorporated. The refreshments were cookies and lemonade devoid of any taint of gin or vodka and the music was provided by teenaged piano and violin players.

If the refreshments and music were pretty tame, the guests of honor weren't. They were diplomats who had recently arrived in Washington from the new countries of Africa. Most of them were then brightly colored native costumes and they and their wives and children with them. Some of the men were strikingly handsome, some of the women strikingly beautiful, and all of the children as cute as only Negro kids can be.

They'd already been welcomed to Washington by the State Department and by resident members of the diplomatic corps. But that they must have known, came under the heading of protocol. This simple party in the school assembly hall was different. It was a gesture of hospitality by private citizens. There was no obligation on the part of these citizens to entertain the Africans; they did it voluntarily and with their own money.

It was quite plain that the Africans understood this. They fairly bubbled with appreciation and they and their hosts had a wonderful time. Most of them taking their leave at the end of the afternoon had complimentary things to say about the warmth and friendliness of the people of the United States and about what was being done to overcome old color prejudices. It looked as though a fine blow had been struck for good will between the U.S. and Africa. Unfortunately that was the very Sunday that a group of integrationists peacefully attempting to tour the Deep South in the interests of their cause were violently and brutally set upon by a howling mob of segregationists in Alabama.

PROFILES: Hey nonny nonny for a couple of folkniks



O hey nonny nonny for Sylvia Fricker!
O hey nonny no for her friend!
They're on their way up just a little bit quicker
Than comets, who knows where they'll end.
Her friend's fan Tyson, a winsome ex-cowhand
With a magical touch on guitar

As singles with folksongs they each were a wow and
Now teamed up they each is a star!

More over Paul Anka, Lorne Greene and Miss Harden,
More over Chris Plummer, Gisele
Stand aside Guy Lombardo, Ben Lillie, George Lonsbury
We're two fresher smiles to sell

O Sylvia's mother looked after her grooming,
While Ian got his patchierly
Now they've conquered Toronto, where folksongs are booming
As they are from Quebec to B.C.!
And they're off to New York to record and start touring
The folk joints from there to L.A.
O Ian is handsome, and Sylvia alluring
O whoopee hey nonny hurray!

More over Glenn Gould, Oscar P., Terry Stratas
More over Art Linkletter, too
Stand aside Miss de Carlo, J. Wayne and F. Sinatra,
We're strolling some talent that's new

This summer they'll stomp at a new kind of levee;
Ottawa has whipped up for folks,
A two-day long, party of songs light and heavy,
And dances, symposia and jokes.
It's the first of its kind, so sing it a paean
And pray it gets off with a bat
And sing a hey nonny for Sylvia and Ian
With a hey nonny nonny for it.

THE CASE AGAINST summer TV, by Barbara Moon

In the last season—and I'm pretty well adjusted to the idea by now—my hair and fingernails sprout, my blood thins, my body sags and my pores gape. To the best of my knowledge, though I do not lose my mind—on my eternity I'd have to have mislaid both to hold still for what the TV networks, U.S. and Canadian, are serving up this summer.

The night time schedules of the three U.S. networks are jammed with re-runs of the same shows I saw last winter. Even dogged old Ed Sullivan is going into repeats from mid-July till September. So are seventy-one other program series—not counting those in syndication, like the Manhunt shows, which were already repeats when they were around last winter.

The Canadian network is in the grip of the same seasonal eructations—is featuring thirteen U.S. series in re-run this summer, including, God help us, Manhunt. A fourteenth show, called Summer Circuit, consists mostly of re-runs from the home-grown First Person and The Unforeseen series.

Normal TV is bad enough in all conscience. Newton Minow, the new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission has just finished calling it "a vast wasteland" and he's pretty well right. But on the winter mere novelty and an occasional triumph keep me sunny-minded and understanding. I know about ratings and time slot competition and cautious sponsors and the high cost of experiment and I'm correspondingly grateful for some hours of amusement, escape or insight. But *three months* of gratuitous encores every summer!

And re-runs are only one part of the annual aberration. In addition, the handful of wintertime network productions disappear to get what are called "original summer replacements." Occasionally these are worthwhile experiments—I recall the Andy Williams show that replaced Garry Moore two seasons ago, and last summer's A Case for the Court on CBC. But generally on the CBC, as any time they are, the same kind of show only cheaper, with second-string talent. For instance: The Don Messer Show, a kind of weekly folksong jubilee from Halifax, is being replaced for the summer by something described as "a folksong jubilee from Halifax." The prospect fills me with dismay, particularly when I remember that summer was when the Don Messer show itself got started. Front Page Challenge is taking a holiday too, instead we'll have "a panel show presenting the battle of the sexes" with four men and four women. "The accent," we are assured, "will be on fun."

I know the standard explanations of the annual three-month programming lapse: the sponsors can't afford the best fifty-two weeks of the year, besides the audience is out of town. Well, it seems they're not out in force.

In Canada a recent release from International Surveys indicates that the audience was just as big last summer for Ed Sullivan (he didn't do repeats) as it was this winter. And in the U.S. a survey by The Pulse Inc. shows that the *potential* audience, in summer, is only slightly lower than it is during the rest of the year. But the *actual* audience is going down, summer by summer. In other words, a whole season of second best and second time round is enough to drive people me-minded right away from their sets.

And right now the evidence is mounting that when fall comes and the blood thickens, we're coming back to TV just a little more cantankerous and choosy each year.

Newest rep theatre: for puppets

Next month, twenty-five years after he climbed in the puppet business, John Keogh will open a repertory puppet theatre in Brooklin, Ont., 30 miles east of Toronto. Assisting him, among others, will be his wife, Linda, who is an artist and sculptor; his mother; and two of his children, the youngest of whom is 12. Keogh was 12 when he started puppeteering, under the aegis of his parents, who were also professionals, and his theatre represents an idea the family has been talking about since the early 1930s.

Why now? Keogh says the main reason is the heavy unemployment of the last decade. "I don't know how many people have asked me why Canada didn't already have a professional puppet theatre," he says. Then too, things have been going well for the Keoghs. Their puppets have been starred on such TV shows as Maggie Muggins, Junior Roundup and Friendly Giant. For eight years, a troupe of Keogh puppets has been traveling across the country doing a show for Shell Oil; it has played to 300,000 people.

At Brooklin the Keoghs have a 54-acre farm on a windswept hill overlooking Lake Ontario. They're erecting a barn that will seat 240 people. Around the grounds there'll be picnic tables and miniature stages where visiting children can try their own hands at manipulating puppets under expert instructions.

The first show is a kind of revue with hand-puppets and marionettes acting out stories and songs. The visiting puppet will be for children. Keogh says, but the writing should appeal to adults." The show hasn't got a name. One friend suggested Sitting Thaw.

Later Keogh hopes to have an indoor studio to make puppet movies through the winter.

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

A good (and funny) thriller

VERY IMPORTANT PERSON: Magnificently bearded James Robertson Justice has a custom-tailored role in this British comedy, as a wartime scientist who winds up in a German prison camp. He briskly begins making life a burden for his captors—and for his fellow Britons as well, most of whom suspect him of being in league with the enemy. Then Winston Churchill personally orders that his escape be expedited to the limit, with results that are both funny and suspenseful. A silly epilogue, out of character with the main story, is mildly distracting but cannot spoil the basic humor of the production. Newcomer Stanley Baxter convincingly plays two roles as a jittery Scottish privateer and the arrogant Nazi commandant.

GONE WITH THE WIND: Cautiously reissued with more ballyhoo than is usually given to new releases, Hollywood's Immortal Deep South soap-opera about the Civil War is still a whopper of a show. 22 years after it first dazzled the customers.

THE GREEN HELMET: An automobile drama from Britain, starring Bill Travers as a champion driver whose mother and sweetheart both keep begging him to quit before he meets the hefty fate that killed his father. The story and the acting are mostly in low gear but the racing sequences are thrilling.

LIFE IN A GOLDFISH BOWL: Strictly for the teenagers. I'm afraid, is this farfetched romantic comedy from Hollywood. It's about an incredibly naive boy and girl from a private school (Tommy Sands, Toby Michaels) who elude their neglectful parents and spend the Easter holidays living together, as platonically as a pair of butterflies, in a Balboa beach house.

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY: Fred Astaire turns in one of his most endearing performances in the enjoyable screen edition of the Broadway hit. He appears as a limited but charming, sentimental playboy (Lemmi division) who returns to San Francisco after a 20-year vacation to attend the wedding of his daughter (Debbie Reynolds). Soon he is spreading genial havoc in all directions. Fifth Palmer is delightful as his ex-wife, now remarried to a civilized but hot-tempered lawyer (Gary Merrill).

And these are worth seeing:
The Angry Silence
Hand in Hand
The Hoodlum Priest
Mein Kampf
A Raisin in the Sun
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

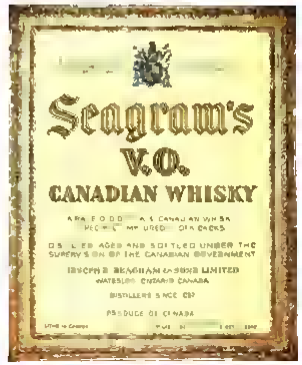


Painted for the Seagram Collection by Don Anderson

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This little lady's father works for Trans-Canada Air Lines where they have a Great-West Life Employee Benefit Plan. This is an important part of dad's program of financial protection for his family. It supplements his own personal insurance which he has planned with the help of a Great-West representative. His family is growing up in an atmosphere of security...arranged by dad, his employer, and **Great-West Life**

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